A FAWCETT MAGAZINE
NO. 15
DECEMBER

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

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CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
"THE KIMBERLEY KILLER!"
SO THE SHOOTING'S ALL OVER IN AFRICA?? THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! NORTH AFRICA HAS QUIETED DOWN, BUT WHEN THE AXIS STARTS TROUBLE IN SOUTH AFRICA—DANGER SPOT OF THE COMMONWEALTH—CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT APPEARS TO BATTLE
THE KIMBERLEY KILLER!

FAMED PILOT AND INVENTOR, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT TRAVELS TO WASHINGTON!
HMM--"MYSTERIOUS SABOTAGE SWEEPS SOUTH AFRICA"--THAT DOESN'T SOUND SO GOOD, CHUCK!
MMMMM!
THE NATIVE AFRIKANERS CHARGE THAT THE BRITISH ARE BEHIND IT! THIS IS SERIOUS--DISSENSION AMONG THE UNITED NATIONS!
MMM!
COINCIDENCE, CAP--THIS PICTURE MAGAZINE HAS SOME SHOTS OF SOUTH AFRICA!
GREAT SCOTT, CHUCK--LET ME SEE THAT!
SOUT
VISITORS TO SOUTH AFRICA ARE INFREQUENT-SHUN PHOTO-GRAPHERS---
SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE GOING TO VISIT THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN WASHING-TON!
CHUCK--THAT MAN IS ZOLLERN! ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS NAZI AGENTS! CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT IS THE ONLY MAN WHO HAS EVER SEEN HIM--AND THOSE EARS ARE THE GIVE-AWAY!
CHUCK'S GUESS IS RIGHT! AS SOON AS CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT REACHES WASHINGTON, HE GOES TO THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR!
YES, ALBRIGHT--IT'S TRUE! A MYSTERIOUS PLANE APPEARS OUT OF NOWHERE, KILLS AFRIKANERS AND DISAPPEARS!
I THINK I KNOW THE MAN BEHIND IT, SIR---
--HIS NAME IS ZOLLERN!
ZOLLERN! SAY NO MORE, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT--ONLY HURRY!

CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT AND CHUCK SET OUT FOR THE OTHER END OF THE WORLD---BROUGHT AS CLOSE AS TOMORROW BY THE MIRACLE OF PLANES!

FROM CAPETOWN AND THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, THEY POINT THEIR BEECHCRAFT TOWARD JOHANNESBURG, THE GOLD CAPITAL!

YOU'LL SOON BE SEEING THE GREAT SOUTH AFRICAN VELD*, CHUCK!

* PRONOUNCED "FELT".

THE VELD—VAST LEVEL PLAIN STRETCHING NORTHWARD FOR 2,000 MILES!

THESE FARMS, VILLAGES AND TOWNS ARE THE HOMES OF THE AFRIKANERS, CHUCK! THEY'RE DESCENDENTS OF THE ORIGINAL DUTCH AND FRENCH HUGUENOTS WHO SETTLED HERE YEARS AGO!

THERE'S SOMETHING THAT'S NOT AFRIKANER-- THAT SPITFIRE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, CHUCK! IT'S A BRITISH PLANE! AND FLYING LOW!

HOLY CATS--HE'S STRAFING THAT VILLAGE!

AND DROPPING BOMBS! CHUCK-- THAT'S THE *MYSTERY PLANE!*

RAT-TAT-TAT!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM, CHUCK-- RADIO THE BRITISH BASE! I'M CHANGING MY COSTUME--

BOOM!

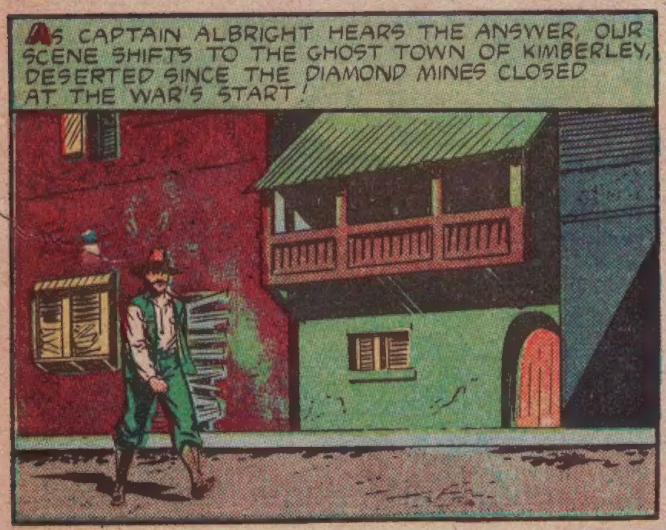
BOOM!

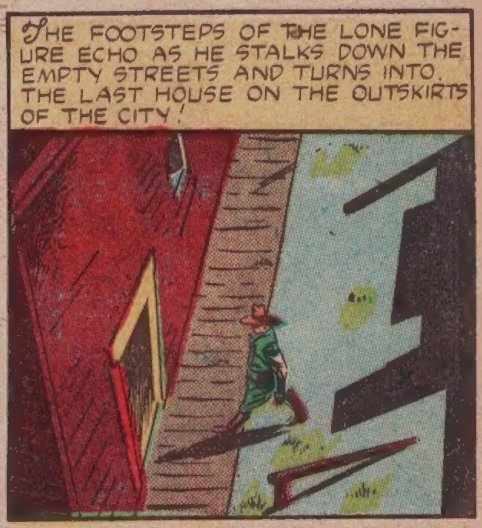
FROM CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT'S PLANE LEAPS HIS DYNAMIC ALTER EGO-- CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
TAKE OVER, CHUCK!
HIS INVENTION, THE GLIDERCHUTE CLOAK, CARRIES HIM SAFELY THROUGH THE AIR!
OOOPS! THE RAT SAW ME COMING AND SLIPPED AWAY!
HE'S GOT CHUCK! AND I'M POWERLESS TO HELP!
RAT-TAT-TAT!
CHUCK'S PLANE DIVES EARTHWARD, OUT OF CONTROL, AS THE SPITFIRE DISAPPEARS INTO THE SKY!
HE PULLED OUT JUST IN TIME TO SOFTEN THE CRASH! BUT THOSE FLAMES WILL KILL HIM, UNLESS...
CRACK!
FROM HIS BELT, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT PULLS A CELLOPHANE PACKET!
...UNLESS MY FIREPROOF CELLOPHANE BLANKET WILL SMOTHER THE BLAZE IN TIME!

DEPRIVED OF OXYGEN, THE FIRE DIES INSTANTLY!
BUT WHAT ABOUT CHUCK--
I- I'LL BE OKAY, CAP!
SURE YOU WILL, CHUCK! I'LL CHANGE MY CLOTHES AND GET YOU TO A DOCTOR!
SOON AFTERWARD, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT REACHES THE AFRICAN VILLAGE OF WELLENBOSCH!
GOSH-- I HOPE THE BOERS* IN THIS TOWN AREN'T SO MAD AT THE BRITISH THE DOC'LL REFUSE TO TREAT YOU!
*BOERS-ANOTHER NAME FOR AFRIKANERS!
AT THE DOCTOR'S HOME...
A LITTLE REST IS ALL HE NEEDS-- WE'LL MAKE ROOM FOR HIM RIGHT HERE!
THAT'S EXTREMELY DECENT OF YOU, SIR I WAS AFRAID---
--AFRAID OF POLITICAL PREJUDICE? MY DOCTOR'S OATH IS TO HUMANITY--NOT TO A POLITICAL PARTY! GOOD LUCK IN JOHANNESBURG!
THANKS, DR. VAN DER ZUM!
AT BRITISH HEADQUARTERS IN JOHANNESBURG!
SO YOU'VE MET OUR MYSTERIOUS MARAUDER, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT!
YES--AND WE RADIOED YOU IMMEDIATELY! DID YOU GET THE MESSAGE?

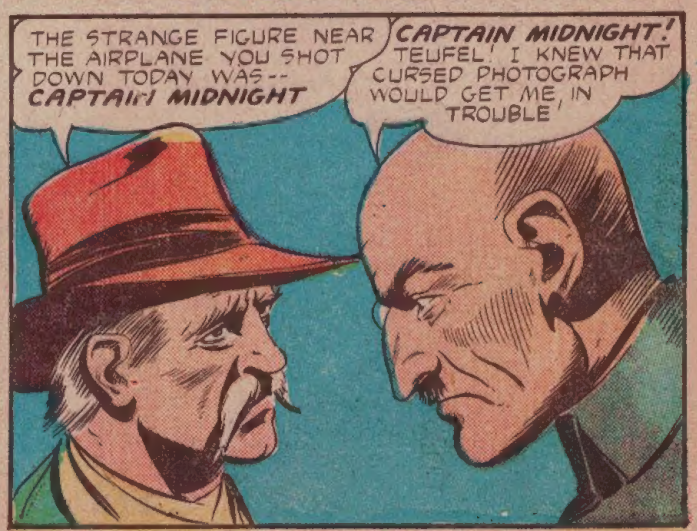
YES, BUT AS USUAL OUR FRIEND IN THE SPITFIRE GOT AWAY! IN ALL HIS MURDEROUS ATTACKS, WE'VE NEVER COME CLOSE ENOUGH TO SHOOT AT HIM!
WE MUST STOP HIM SOON!

SOONER THAN YOU THINK, ALBRIGHT! THERE'S AN ELECTION IN TWO WEEKS! THAT'S WHAT'S BEHIND IT, WE'RE SURE!
AN ELECTION? WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?


AS CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT HEARS THE ANSWER, OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO THE GHOST TOWN OF KIMBERLEY, DESERTED SINCE THE DIAMOND MINES CLOSED AT THE WAR'S START!


THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE LONE FIGURE ECHO AS HE STALKS DOWN THE EMPTY STREETS AND TURNS INTO THE LAST HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY!

INSIDE--
HEIL HITLER! I HAVE NEWS, HERR ZOLLERN!
HEIL HITLER! YOUR IMITATION OF AN AFRIKANER IS GOOD, KURT! WHAT NEWS?


THE STRANGE FIGURE NEAR THE AIRPLANE YOU SHOT DOWN TODAY WAS-- CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! TEUFEL! I KNEW THAT CURSED PHOTOGRAPH WOULD GET ME, IN TROUBLE!

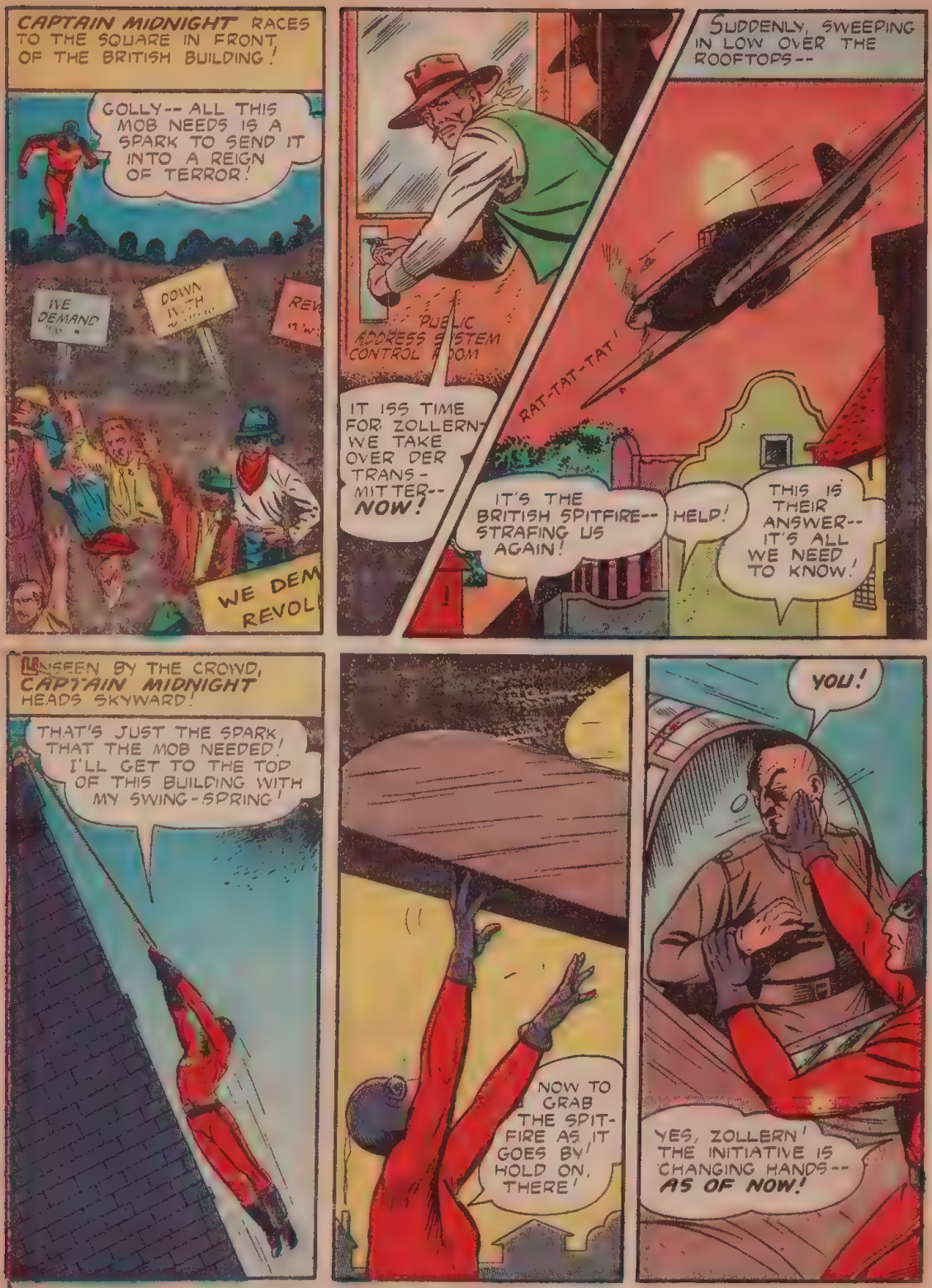
WE MUST WORK FAST, BEFORE CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT HAS A CHANCE TO STOP US!
SHALL WE START DER REVOLT? DER ELECTION IS ONLY TWO VEEKS AVAY, NOW!
THE ELECTION--YES! THE AFRIKANERS HAVE A 60% MAJORITY OVER THE BRITISH! REMEMBER YOUR STORY--THE BRITISH ARE TRYING TO KILL OFF ENOUGH AFRIKANERS SO THAT THIS ELECTION WILL PUT THE BRITISH IN CONTROL!
THE BOERS WILL BELIEVE IT!
YES--THEY WILL BELIEVE IT! FOR I WILL CONTINUE TO STRAFE AND BOMB THEM IN MY SPITFIRE TO SUPPORT YOUR PROPAGANDA!
DER AFRIKANERS IN DER VILLAGES WHERE VE VORK BELIEVE VE ARE AFRIKANERS, TOO! IT VILL BE, EASY
NEXT MORNING, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT RETURNS TO WELLENBOSCH TO GET CHUCK!
OH-OH--SOMETHING'S BREWING! THESE AFRIKANERS ARE IN AN UGLY MOOD--I'LL BET ZOLLERN'S BEHIND IT!
THERE GOES THAT AMERIKANER--HE'S IN IT WITH HIS BRITISH FRIENDS! MAYBE HE AND THE BOY WILL KILL DR. VAN DER ZUM HIMSELF!
PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT!
YOUR FRIEND IS AS GOOD AS NEW TODAY!
GOOD--HE MAY NEED HIS STRENGTH WITH THAT CROWD OUTSIDE!
IF WE WAIT FOR THE ELECTION IT WILL BE TOO LATE! THE TIME TO STRIKE IS NOW!
JA!
JA!

As CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT AND CHUCK LEAVE, KURT WORKS THE CROWD UP TO MANIACAL PITCH!
FLEE, MY FRIENDS -- MY FELLOW BOERS ARE NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH, IN THEIR SUPPOSED RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION!
THIS IS THE ONLY WAY, FELLOW AFRIKANERS! COME --- THERE ARE OUR FIRST TWO VICTIMS -- THEN ON TO JOHANNESBURG!
THE ENRAGED MOB RUSHES AT CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT AND CHUCK!
DEATH TO THE ENGLISH AND ALL THEIR FRIENDS!
GET BEHIND ME, CHUCK --- HERE GOES A BLACKOUT BOMB!
THE TINY PELLET BILLOWS INTO A GIANT SMOKE CLOUD!
WHAT, THE --!
IT IS A TRICK! COME ON!
SHELTERED BY THE PALL, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT HAS CHANGED TO HIS FIGHTING GUISE OF -- CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
UGH!
THIS IS NO TRICK, RABBLE-ROUSER!
POW!
COME ON, CHUCK -- MY DOOM BEAM WILL BLIND THEM FOR A FEW MINUTES WHILE WE GET AWAY!
I CANNOT SEE!
THAT AFRIKANER YOU SOCKED DROPPED THESE CIGARETTES!
GREAT SCOTT -- THIS ENGLISH PACK CONTAINS GERMAN CIGARETTES!

THERE HE GOES IN THAT CAR!
I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED--HE'S A NAZI DISGUISED AS AN AFRIKANER!
C'MON-- WE'LL FOLLOW HIM IN THIS CAR!
MAYBE HE'LL LEAD US TO ZOLLERN, EH, CAP?
MAYBE! I'VE A HUNCH THIS LITTLE MOB SCENE WAS JUST ONE OF MANY BEING STAGED ALL OVER THE VELD, PLANNED TO CONVERGE ON JOHANNESBURG IN A FULL-FLEDGED REVOLUTION!
THAT'S RIGHT-- THE GUY DID YELL "ON TO JOHANNESBURG"!
SO-- HE FOLLOWS ME! WELL, ZOLLERN WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
KURT LEADS CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT TO A BUILDING IN THE FACTORY DISTRICT OF JOHANNESBURG!
HE PARKED HIS CAR ON THAT LOADING PLATFORM AND WENT INSIDE!
AND WE'RE RIGHT BEHIND HIM, CHUCK!
BUT-- AS THEY DRIVE UP A FIGURE LEANS FROM AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW-- A BULKY OBJECT DROPS---
JEEPERS! A CAKE OF ICE! CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT WAKE UP!
OH-H!

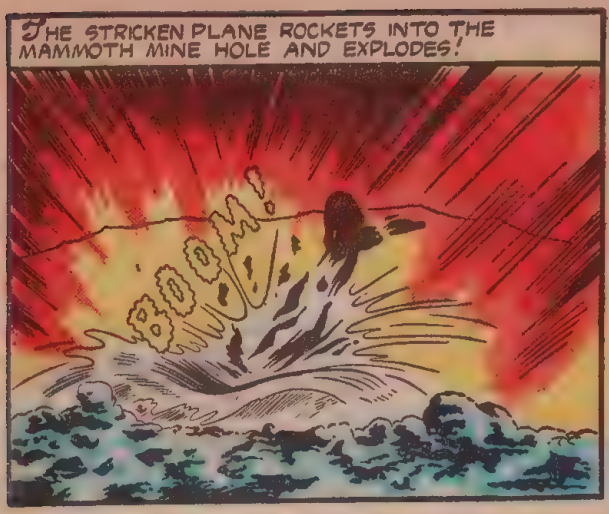
FROM THE SHADOWS, MEN LEAP TO DRAG CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT FROM THE CAR AND SEIZE CHUCK!
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT WILL NEVER WAKE UP!
WHY YOU'RE-- ZOLLERN!
THEY ARE TAKEN INSIDE!
AND THIS IS A REFRIGERATION PLANT!
IT WILL BE YOUR TOMB! INTO THE FREEZING CHAMBER WITH THEM! THE MOBS ARE GATHERING-- I GO TO PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THEM!
OH, GOLLY IT'S COLD! BRRRR! AND CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT-- I WISH HE'D COME TO!
THIS PHIAL FROM HIS BELT-- SMELLS HORRIBLE-- MAYBE IT WILL REVIVE---
WHAT? OH--
I GUESS WE STUCK OUR NECKS OUT THIS TIME, EH, CAP?
WE SURE DID-- GREAT GUNS, I'VE NEVER BEEN THIS COLD BEFORE!
AHHHH-- BOY, AM I SLEEPY! EX-(YAWN)CUSE ME, CAP!
CHUCK--DON'T GO TO SLEEP! THAT'S FATAL! WE'VE GOT TO ACT QUICKLY! FIVE MINUTES MORE AND WE'LL BE AS STIFF AS BOARDS!

OUTSIDE--
YOU TWO STAY TO DISPOSE OF MIDNIGHT'S BODY! WE GO TO THE BRITISH BUILDING! WHEN ZOLLERN STRAFES DER CROWD IN HIS SPITFIRE WE SEIZE BRITISH MICROPHONE AND INCITE THE CROWD TO REVOLT!
A FEW MINUTES LATER--
KRAUSE--AM I GOING OUT OF MY MIND?
HIMMEL! DER LOCK ON DER REFRIGERATOR DOOR-- ISS OPENING ITSELF OP!
I--CAN'T--STAY--AWAKE!
THIS ELECTRO-MAGNET FROM MY BELT-RADIO COILS WILL OPEN THE BOLT OUTSIDE IF MY BATTERY HOLDS OUT A FEW MINUTES MORE!
CLACK!
THERE IT GOES! C'MON, CHUCK!
HIMMEL--HELP!
OOF
THE PARTY'S OVER, BOYS--SAY! WHAT'S A TANK OF POTASSIUM DICALCUMIDE DOING HERE?
IF THESE BIRDS MAKE IT, I WANT NO PART OF IT, THANKS!
THE GUARDS ARE TIED UP!
I'LL HOLD THESE FELLOWS FOR THE POLICE, CAP!
GOOD--I'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT THESE CROWDS ARE UP TO! IT LOOKS MIGHTY BAD!


CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT RACES TO THE SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE BRITISH BUILDING!
GOLLY-- ALL THIS MOB NEEDS IS A SPARK TO SEND IT INTO A REIGN OF TERROR!
WE DEM
REVOL
PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM CONTROL ROOM
IT ISS TIME FOR ZOLLERN WE TAKE OVER DER TRANS-MITTER-- NOW!
SUDDENLY, SWEEPING IN LOW OVER THE ROOFTOPS--
RAT-TAT-TAT!
IT'S THE BRITISH SPITFIRE-- STRAFING US AGAIN!
HELP!
THIS IS THEIR ANSWER-- IT'S ALL WE NEED TO KNOW!
UNSEEN BY THE CROWD, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT HEADS SKYWARD!
THAT'S JUST THE SPARK THAT THE MOB NEEDED! I'LL GET TO THE TOP OF THIS BUILDING WITH MY SWING-SPRING!
NOW TO GRAB THE SPIT-FIRE AS IT GOES BY! HOLD ON, THERE!
YOU!
YES, ZOLLERN! THE INITIATIVE IS CHANGING HANDS-- AS OF NOW!

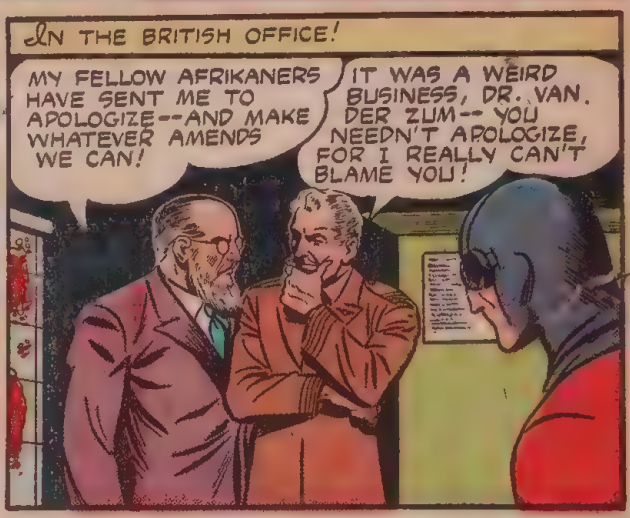
FIRST WE'LL TAKE OUT YOUR GUN CONTROLS! THAT WILL PUT AN END TO YOUR STRAFING!
ZOLLERN DOES A SUDDEN BARREL ROLL WITH HIS PLANE!
YOU STOP ME-- BUT YOU DO NOT CATCH ME, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
OOPS!
YOU AFRIKANERS WANT AN ANSWER-- BRITAIN'S ANSWER WILL BE MORE STRAFING UNLESS YOU DISPERSE AND GO HOME!
GREAT SCOTT--- ZOLLERN'S MEN MUST HAVE CONTROL OF THE ADDRESS SYSTEM! THE BOERS WILL THINK THE BRITISH REALLY SAID THAT! THEY'LL GO BERSERK!
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT GLIDERCHUTES STRAIGHT TO THE CONTROL ROOM!
WELL, RABBLE-ROUSER-- WE MEET AGAIN!
ZUM TEUFEL! DER JIG IS UP! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES--CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT HAS CAUGHT UP MIT US!
HELP-- DO NOT HIT ME, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! I WILL CONFESS! HERR ZOLLERN IS, BEHIND IT ALL!
HOLD ON! WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED! WE'VE BEEN MADE FOOLS OF!
ZOLLERN HE IS THE MOST FAMOUS SPY THERE IS!
SOBERED BY THE REVELATION, THE AFRIKANERS APOLOGIZE!
THANK GOODNESS YOU STOPPED US IN TIME, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
BUT THE MAN BEHIND IT ALL IS GETTING AWAY-- UNLESS THIS DIRT FROM HIS COCKPIT MEANS WHAT I THINK IT MEANS!

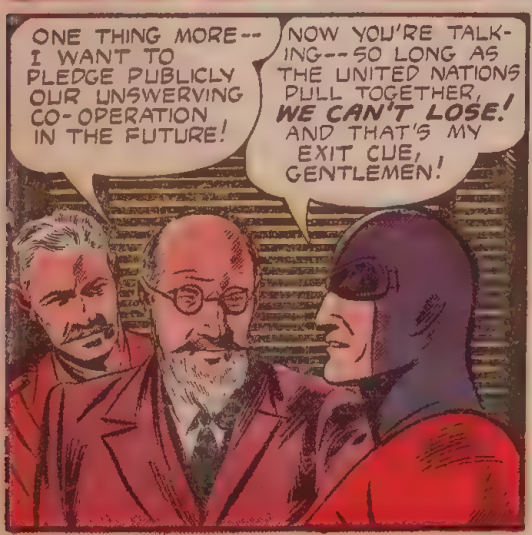
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT BORROWS A BRITISH PLANE!
WHERE TO NOW, CAP?
TO THE PLACE I THINK IS ZOLLERN'S HIDEOUT! HE'LL BE REFUELING HIS PLANE FOR HIS GETAWAY, I FIGURE!
HEY--ISN'T THAT BIG HOLE THE ABANDONED KIMBERLEY DIAMOND MINE?
RIGHT, CHUCK--YOU SEE, I FOUND SOME DIRT IN ZOLLERN'S COCKPIT! IT WAS BLUE CLAY--FROM A DIAMOND MINE!
H-HOLY MACKEREL--THERE'S THE MYSTERY PLANE--FLOATING UP OUT OF THE HOLE!
JUST AS I GUESSED, CHUCK--THAT POTASSIUM DICALCUMIDE WE SAW WAS MIXED WITH BLUE CLAY TO GIVE OFF A POWERFUL UPDRAFT! ZOLLERN COULD FLOAT HIS PLANE ON IT OUT OF THE HOLE UP INTO THE AIR!
OF COURSE THE UPDRAFT WAS JUST AS HELPFUL IN GENTLY LOWERING HIS PLANE INTO THE HOLE WHEN HE DISAPPEARED!
HIMMEL!
BUT THIS TIME HE'LL BE LOWERED IN A DIFFERENT MANNER!
RAT-TAT-TAT!

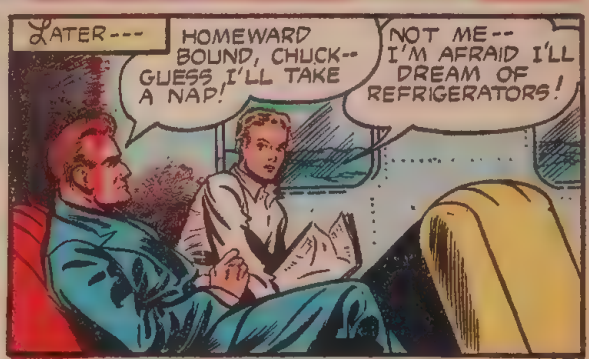

THE STRICKEN PLANE ROCKETS INTO THE MAMMOTH MINE HOLE AND EXPLODES!
BOOM!

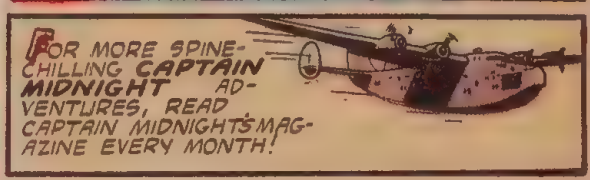
BACK AT THE BRITISH BASE!
SO ZOLLERN WAS HIDING IN THE KIMBERLEY HOLE ALL THE TIME! NO WONDER, HE ELUDED US!
HE WAS CLEVER, ALL RIGHT! HE HAD A PERFECT HIDEOUT IN A PLACE YOU'D NEVER SUSPECT--

--AND WITH THE CHEMICAL UPDRAFT HE COULD GET IN AND OUT WITHOUT MAKING A SOUND!
TOO CLEVER! IT'S NO WONDER THE AFRIKANERS BELIEVED HIS PROPAGANDA THAT THE BRITISH WERE BEHIND IT! WE COULDN'T PROVE OTHERWISE!


IN THE BRITISH OFFICE!
MY FELLOW AFRIKANERS HAVE SENT ME TO APOLOGIZE--AND MAKE WHATEVER AMENDS WE CAN!
IT WAS A WEIRD BUSINESS, DR. VAN. DER ZUM-- YOU NEEDN'T APOLOGIZE, FOR I REALLY CAN'T BLAME YOU!


ONE THING MORE-- I WANT TO PLEDGE PUBLICLY OUR UNSWERVING CO-OPERATION IN THE FUTURE!
NOW YOU'RE TALKING--SO LONG AS THE UNITED NATIONS PULL TOGETHER, WE CAN'T LOSE! AND THAT'S MY EXIT CUE, GENTLEMEN!


LATER---
HOMEWARD BOUND, CHUCK-- GUESS I'LL TAKE A NAP!
NOT ME-- I'M AFRAID I'LL DREAM OF REFRIGERATORS!


FOR MORE SPINE-CHILLING CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT ADVENTURES, READ CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S MAGAZINE EVERY MONTH!

When you can't find a Jap battlefleet, maybe you can help the Jap fleet find you!!!

"JUST ONE MORE run down the middle," Lieutenant "Red" Skye mumbled prayerfully as he wheeled the big B-17 Fort on a port wingtip and nosed her back through the wisping fog. "Just one more good run is all I ask."

The fog, the dirty, yellowish Aleutians fog, was closing in rapidly A thousand feet below, the Jap freighter wallowing on the leaden sea was visible only half the time. The rest of the time the thickening rolls of fog hid sea and ship alike It was only a freak of fate that had let the U. S. Army Bomber out of Umnak base stumble onto the frantic-circling freighter. The Japs had been trying constantly to run supplies to their beleaguered Kiska garrison under cover of the fog. This was one Tokyo Freight the boys were determined would never get through.

"On course," Red barked, his throat mike picking up the words, and released the controls. "She's your baby, Micky."

The controls yawed and then firmed again as the robot hand of the Norden bombsight below took over flying. It was all in the lap of bombardier Micky Nolan from here on. Red, his co-pilot, and the gunners were just along for the ride. It was Micky, his eye glued to the sights, his hands on the sensitive controls, who was sole captain of the B-17's destiny now.

"Bombs selected," Red said as his fingers touched the studs of his selector panel, selecting a salvo that would bracket the freighter's wild course so that whichever way she tried to dodge, she would run into a screaming demolition charge.

The Fortress plowed on, scorning the futile, wasted yammer of ack-ack from the panicky Jap. Close—closer . The big ship nudged upward gently and at the same moment, Micky's gay yelp came: "Bombs away!"

It was like shooting a sitting duck. Red took over control, swung the big crate and gave everybody aboard a ringside seat. It was almost routine to watch the first burst boil water to starboard of the freighter, heeling it over The second bomb deluged the port rail and the third mushroomed scarlet flame and brown smoke amidships. The mushroom kept growing and flaming, fed by continuous gushes of crimson. The B-17 rocked on tortured air

"Must have been a load of ammunition," Red Skye decided aloud. "You spoiled their party, Mick."

When the wind came to blow the smoke aside, they saw the freighter in two pieces—and both pieces sinking That was that. Nobody cheered as the big crate swept into the clouds on its way home. There was no air of victory. Johnny Sikes, the belly-gunner, stated the case for them all when he said:

"A little freighter. Gah! It's like goin' after whale and comin' home with a bullhead."

That about covered it. For weeks they had wasted fruitless fog-bound hours every day in search for a Jap task force fleet that was hiding in the weather somewhere close by They knew the fleet was out there, and they knew it must be pretty big. Occasionally they ran onto carrier-based fighters and recon planes in the fog—planes that had to come from a big fleet. But where that fleet was or what it was there for was a mystery.

But they had to find it. There were too many scattered bases that might be hit and it would take the whole U. S Pacific fleet to guard them all. To let the Japs strike first would be costly. To find and hit them first would insure victory But day after day hundreds of planes had searched with no success. The Jap could find them but they couldn't find him—in time. No wonder a freighter meant little to Red Skye and his taut-nerved crew.

IN THE LOUNGE that night, while the Cats and Ice Wagons took over the endless patrols, Red Skye was moody and silent. His pals, recognizing the symptoms, let him alone. After such periods, Red Skye had a habit of coming up with some wild and un-

predictable idea that paid off.

This time was no exception. It was nearly midnight when Red burst in on the haggard and sleepless C.O. in his office. For a long half hour he talked, begged, pleaded and explained. The C.O. finally threw up his hands in surrender. "I don't know why I let you sell me these dizzy stunts, Lieutenant . . . except that they always work. Okay. Pick your crews and go ahead."

The base became, in a matter of minutes, a scene of furious activity. Grumbling workman tumbled out of bunks. Machine shops hummed at a furious pace. Every man at base who could be spared was shoved onto special duty. Red Skye drove them like a demon, forgetting to eat or sleep as he put on pressure. The C.O. watched, shook his head and kept his fingers crossed.

Late the following afternoon a strange procession of planes lined up on the landing strip. There was a lumbering transport, two hastily-converted freighters and a picked squadron of fighter-protectors. They had flown in from the Alaskan mainland with the oddest assortment of material ever requisitioned by a harried Commanding Officer: cheesecloth, paint, sacks of lime, farm plows, bundles of broken packing boxes of every description, a caterpillar tractor and a jeep.

Within an hour the odd cargo had been transferred aboard a small fleet of fishing boats. As darkness fell over the fog-shrouded base, Red Skye waved a goodbye to his companions and the makeshift fleet put out to sea.

It was dawn when they found their destination—tiny, bleak, useless Sakatu Island, a blob of volcanic rock that neither side had thought enough of either to seize or defend. Under Red Skye's tense orders, the work began.

All day, under the sheltering fog, a picked crew worked like madmen at an insane task. All day the jeep snorted over rock that would have stumped a mountain goat, hauling barrels of lime with holes in their sides. All day the tractor puffed and chugged over the scant soil, dragging its plow. And all day long, squads of sweating soldiers cut cheesecloth, nailed lath and wood scraps and splashed paint with gay abandon.

At nightfall, their work finished, the weary crews returned to the boats. Only Red Skye and a single boatload of experts stayed behind, completing the task of setting up a powerful radio transmitter. It was dark when Red finally threw the switch that hurled the powerful carrier waves into the air. He picked up the mike.

"Red Skye to base. Skye calling Umnak Base. Installation completed at Sakatu Island. Ready for the heavy bombers."

Over and over his voice sent the message speeding out. At last the receiver caught an answer, the sharp angry voice of Red's commanding officer barking: "You fool! Shut up and get off the air. Do you want the Nips to get wise? Shut down that transmitter."

Red Skye exchanged grins with his crew. Without a word, they dismantled the radio, stowed it on the boat and headed for the waiting fleet. At dawn they were safely back at Umnak Base. The C.O. met Red Skye on the dock, grinning. "Did I put it over, Lieutenant?"

"Perfect," Red chuckled. "You sounded mad enough to boil me in oil. Now we wait and hope."

THAT MORNING only one patrol ship went out and it headed toward Sakatu Island. For five hours every available plane sat with bombracks full, its crews huddled around the radio. Then came the break. The silent radio clicked sharply and out of the ether came a voice saying just one word: "*Roger!*"

Roger—the air force word for *Okay!* Just that and nothing more. With a roar that shook the ground, the waiting crews raced to planes already thundering to life. On half a dozen other hidden airfields the same scene took place.

It was Red Skye whose bomber led the mighty force that broke through the overcast above Sakatu Island. Though the men knew what to expect, the sight that met their eyes was startling, incredible. Where yesterday had been a barren rock, today there sat a modern airfield. Runways criss-crossed the island. Poorly-concealed dispersal points and shelters dotted the rocks. Fully fifty mighty bombers seemed to be roosting on the runways. And though every man knew the runways were fakes drawn on rock with lime dust and plowed earth, the shacks and bombers nothing but cheesecloth-and-lath dummies, the resemblance to a genuine flying field was shocking. Red's camouflage crews had done their work well . . .

So well that Jap pilots, seeing the unbelievable sight from their scouting planes had done exactly what Red hoped. They had heard his decoy broadcast, investigated and summoned their mighty battle fleet to wipe out this amazing American "base." The Jap fleet was there, strung out to begin its bombardment.

"There you are, gang," Red spoke into his transmitter. "Tojo sent you his choicest targets. Don't let him think you're ungrateful for his courtesy."

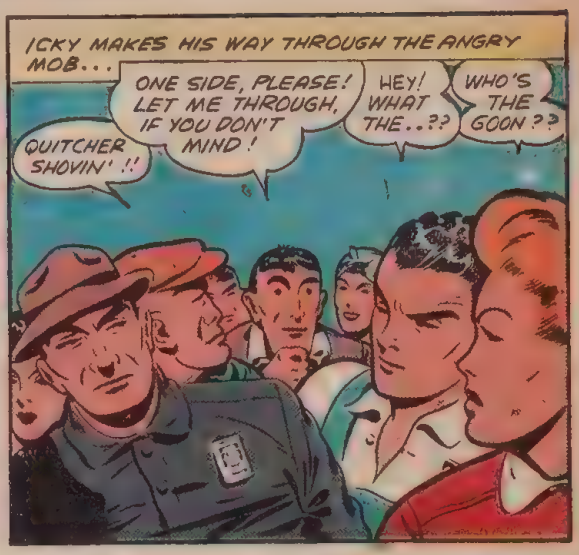
And with the mingled roar of triumphant war-cries and the thunder of American vengeance on the wing, five hundred bomb-laden messengers of destruction roared down out of the fog-shrouded sky to thank Honorable Tojo in the good old American way.

Red Skye will be back next month with a honey of a hot yarn!

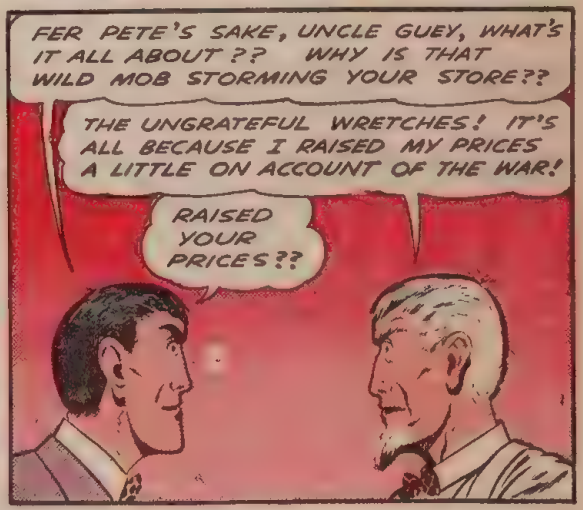
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
WE HEAR A LOT OF TALK ABOUT INFLATION THESE DAYS!! BUT DID YOU KNOW INFLATION COULD BE A DEADLY WEAPON IN THE HANDS OF CLEVER AXIS SABOTEURS?? NEITHER DID CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S RIGHT-HAND AIDE, ICHABOD MUDD, UNTIL HE WENT BACK TO MUDD FLATS TO SPEND HIS VACATION RUNNING HIS UNCLE'S STORE...
AND THE IMPS OF INFLATION!
$2.95
$10.
$50.
$169
$249
$23.
ICKY IS LEAVING FOR TWO WEEKS TO RUN A STORE FOR HIS UNCLE, GUEY MUDD, WHO ISN'T WELL!
WELL, I GUESS I GOT EVERYTHING PACKED!
GOOD LUCK, ICKY, AND TELL UNCLE GUEY HELLO FOR US!
SEE YUH IN TWO WEEKS! AN' THANKS FER THE ELEGANT NEW BELT, CAP'N ALBRIGHT! I'LL WEAR IT ALL THE TIME!!
JUST A TRINKET, ICKY! HAVE A GOOD TRIP!

THAT WAS A LOVELY BELT--AND SUCH AN UNUSUAL BUCKLE, CAPTAIN!
MAYBE IT'S A DIRTY TRICK ON ICKY- BUT THAT BELT CONTAINS MY LATEST INVENTION.--A RADIO SPY!!
RADIO SPY? WHAT ON EARTH??
IT'S A TINY BUILT-IN PICKUP! THROUGH THIS SET I CAN LISTEN IN ON ALL ICKY'S CONVERSATIONS AT ANY TIME!!
WOW! SLIP ONE OF THOSE ON A SPY SUSPECT AND YOU COULD LEARN ALL HIS SECRETS WITHOUT HIS KNOWING IT!!
EXACTLY! ICKY CAN GIVE IT A FAIR TEST WITHOUT KNOWING ABOUT IT--AND IT'LL BE A HELP IF HE GETS IN ANY TROUBLE!
FOR EXAMPLE--
OH-H-H, HE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR-R-R, WITH THE GR-R-REATEST OF E-E-EASE--
PHEEUW! THAT'S ICKY. ALL RIGHT! SHUT HIM OFF, QUICK!!
GOSH, I HAVEN'T SEEN UNCLE GUEY AND MUDD FLAT IN YEARS! BUT I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO THE PEACE AND QUIET OF A SMALL TOWN!!
'COURSE IT MAY HAVE CHANGED A LITTLE SINCE THEY PUT A BOMBER FACTORY NEXT TO UNCLE GUEY'S STORE...
EEEEOW!! CHANGED IS RIGHT! DID I SAY PEACE AND QUIET?

ICKY LANDS...
OH-OH AND OH! TROUBLE WITH A CAPITAL T!
OPEN UP, YOU DIRTY CHISELER!! C'MON, WE DARE YUH!!
GUEY MUDD GENERAL MERCHANDISE

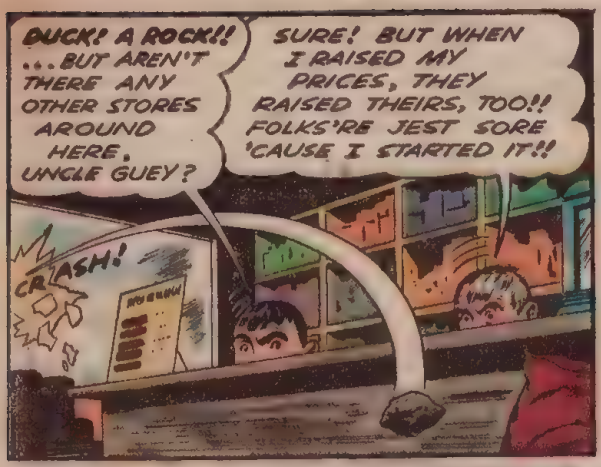

ICKY MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE ANGRY MOB...
ONE SIDE, PLEASE! LET ME THROUGH, IF YOU DON'T MIND!
HEY! WHAT THE..??
WHO'S THE GOON??
QUITCHER SHOVIN'!!

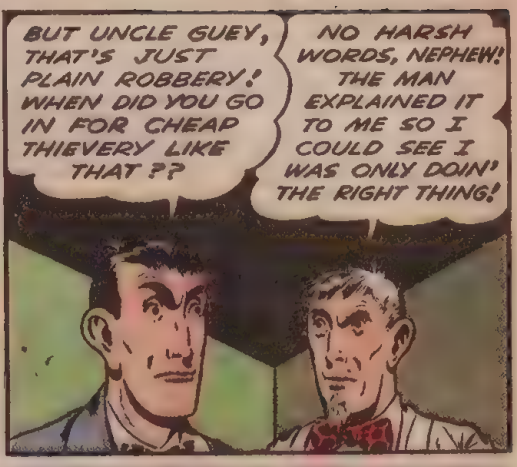
ICHABOD, MY FAVORITE NEPHEW!!
UNCLE GUEY MUDD!!
INSIDE THE STORE...

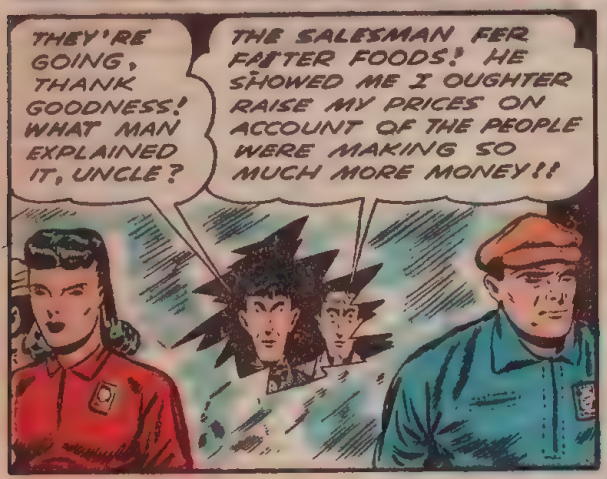

FER PETE'S SAKE, UNCLE GUEY, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?? WHY IS THAT WILD MOB STORMING YOUR STORE??
THE UNGRATEFUL WRETCHES! IT'S ALL BECAUSE I RAISED MY PRICES A LITTLE ON ACCOUNT OF THE WAR!
RAISED YOUR PRICES??

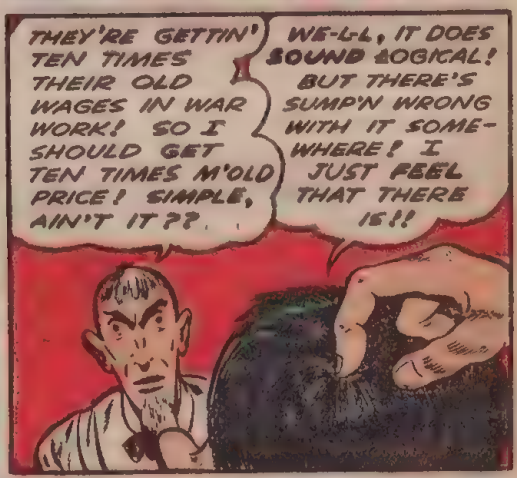
SURE! EVER'BODY'S RAISING PRICES THESE DAYS, ICHABOD!!
EEEOW!! YOU DIDN'T RAISE THAT PRICE -- YOU TIED IT TO A SKY ROCKET!!
BAKED BEANS
10¢
29¢
49¢
99¢

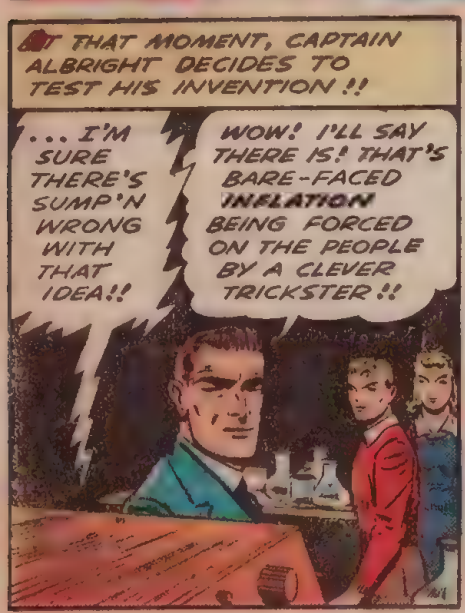
99¢ FOR A DIME CAN OF BEANS! WHY THAT'S PRE-PREPOST-ER-- IT'S PLAIN SILLY!! I DON'T BLAME THOSE FOLKS OUT THERE!!
JEST SHOWS TO GO YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND MERCHANDISIN' METHODS, NEPHEW! THAT'S HOW THINGS ARE IN WARTIME!!


DUCK! A ROCK!! ...BUT AREN'T THERE ANY OTHER STORES AROUND HERE, UNCLE GUEY?
SURE! BUT WHEN I RAISED MY PRICES, THEY RAISED THEIRS, TOO!! FOLKS'RE JEST SORE 'CAUSE I STARTED IT!!
CRASH!


BUT UNCLE GUEY, THAT'S JUST PLAIN ROBBERY! WHEN DID YOU GO IN FOR CHEAP THIEVERY LIKE THAT??
NO HARSH WORDS, NEPHEW! THE MAN EXPLAINED IT TO ME SO I COULD SEE I WAS ONLY DOIN' THE RIGHT THING!


THEY'RE GOING, THANK GOODNESS! WHAT MAN EXPLAINED IT, UNCLE?
THE SALESMAN FER FATTER FOODS! HE SHOWED ME I OUGHTER RAISE MY PRICES ON ACCOUNT OF THE PEOPLE WERE MAKING SO MUCH MORE MONEY!!


THEY'RE GETTIN' TEN TIMES THEIR OLD WAGES IN WAR WORK! SO I SHOULD GET TEN TIMES M'OLD PRICE! SIMPLE, AIN'T IT??
WE-L-L, IT DOES SOUND LOGICAL! BUT THERE'S SUMP'N WRONG WITH IT SOME-WHERE! I JUST FEEL THAT THERE IS!!


AT THAT MOMENT, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT DECIDES TO TEST HIS INVENTION!!
...I'M SURE THERE'S SUMP'N WRONG WITH THAT IDEA!!
WOW! I'LL SAY THERE IS! THAT'S BARE-FACED INFLATION BEING FORCED ON THE PEOPLE BY A CLEVER TRICKSTER!!

A LIGHTNING CHANGE FROM MILD CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT TO AXIS-SMASHING CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
YOU SAY INFLATION'S BEING FORCED ON PEOPLE, CAPTAIN??
RIGHT! WHEN PRICES GO OUT OF CONTROL, MONEY BECOMES WORTHLESS AND FINANCIAL RUIN SWEEPS A COUNTRY!! SOUNDS LIKE AN AXIS PLOT...

WHILE ACROSS THE STREET FROM UNCLE GUEY'S STORE...
HERR FLOTO, THE MOB IS LEAVING...
IT IS ALL RIGHT, OTTO! THE SCHEME IS WORKING! OTHER TOWNS WILL HEAR OF IT AND RAISE THEIR PRICES...
SOON UNCONTROLLED INFLATION WILL SWEEP THE COUNTRY! AMERICA WILL BE RUINED, WORK STOPPED, MOBS RIOTING EVERYWHERE...
JA, HERR FLOTO! YOUR ECONOMIC WARFARE IDEA IS MARVELOUS!! DER FUEHRER WILL DECORATE YOU FOR THIS!!
HERR FLOTO!! LOOK...
N-NEPHEW, YOU'RE GONNA RUIN ME! AN' THAT SALESMAN, OTTO GRULL, WILL BE AWFUL SORE!!
LET HIM SUE ME! A SMALL RAISE IS OKAY, BUT NO UNCLE OF MINE IS GOING DOWN IN HISTORY AS A ROBBER OF WAR WORKERS!!
EY MUDD, PROP.
75% REDUCTION IN ALL PRICES
QUICK! GET THE BOYS TOGETHER! IF WE DON'T STOP THIS, WE'LL LOSE EVERYTHING WE'VE GAINED HERE!!
DON'T WORRY! WHEN WE'RE THROUGH WITH THAT SCHWEIN HE'LL HAVE PRICES UP 500% OR HE WON'T BE BREATHING!!
GOOD AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN! SOMETHING FOR YOU?
YOU BET, WISE GUY! WE'LL TAKE A LARGE PIECE OF YOUR HIDE—AND DON'T BOTHER TO WRAP IT UP!!

OH, EXCUSE ME! I GAVE YOU THE WRONG END, DIDN'T I ??
AWRRRK!! KILL THE SCHWEIN!! BEAT HIS DUMM KOPF IN FOR HIM!!
I GOT HIM!!
AND HANS GOT THE OLD FOOL! INTO THE BACKROOM WITH THEM - QUICK!!
SCHWEIN! EITHER RUN YOUR STORE THE WAY YOU WERE TOLD OR WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU AND RUN IT OURSELVES!!
YOU GO HANG, GOL DURN YUH! IF MY NEPHEW SAYS IT AIN'T RIGHT - THEN IT AIN'T RIGHT!! HE'S SMART, SEE?
GOOD, UNCLE GUEY! BUT IF I WAS SO SMART I'D HAVE BEEN READY FOR THESE NAZI RATS INSTEAD OF LEAVING MYSELF WIDE OPEN!
ENOUGH CHATTER! HANS-SIGMUND - FINISH THEM OFF QUICKLY! USE THE KNIVES SO THE JOB IS QUIET!!
SUDDENLY -- THE FLAMING SYMBOL OF AXIS DOOM -- CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S DOOM BEAM . . .
WHAT TH . . . ?? MY WRIST IS BURNING . . . EEOWK!! THAT CLOCK! IT MEANS . . .
RIGHT, RAT! IT MEANS CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT IS HERE!!
HIMMEL! KILL HIM!!
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

MEET OUR ANTI-INFLATION WEAPON, RAT! WE CALL IT DEFLATION !!!
MAKE A DIRTY AXIS STOOGE OUTA ME, WILL YUH!!
HEY, CAP'N! GIVE US ANOTHER ONE TO PLAY WITH!..
I'M AFRAID WE SPOILED THIS ONE!!
THEY'RE ALL SPOILED, ICK! CALL THE FBI WHILE I ROUND UP THE OTHER MERCHANTS AND EXPLAIN WHAT WAS GOING ON!!
NEVER CHARGE MORE THAN CEILING PRICES FOR YOUR GOODS, FOLKS, AND NEVER HOARD ANYTHING. THAT WAY THERE'LL BE ENOUGH OF WHAT WE NEED FOR EVERYONE TILL THE WAR PLANTS START MAKING PEACEFUL THINGS AGAIN!
SOUNDS RIGHT REASONABLE!
ALL PRICES BELOW CEILING!!
YOU'RE ALL GETTING HIGHER WAGES THESE DAYS, SO PUT THE EXTRA MONEY IN WAR BONDS! THAT'LL LICK INFLATION AND LICK THE AXIS AT THE SAME TIME!
MIGHTY SMART IDEE! THINK I'LL BUY A BOND ON THE WAY HOME!
I'M SURE OBLIGED TO YE FER STRAIGHTENIN' ME OUT, CAP'N! COME SOON AGAIN!!
WE WILL, UNCLE GUEY! 'BYE!! AND DON'T FORGET--INFLATION IS AS BAD AT HOME AS TREACHERY IN BATTLE! SO BE A SOLDIER ON THE HOME FRONT!
THERE'S JUST ONE THING BOTHERS ME--HOW YOU HAPPENED TO BUST IN AT THE RIGHT TIME! GEE, CAP'N YOU MUST BE PSYCHIC!!
BETTER NOT MENTION MY RADIO SPY BELT TO ICKY! HE MIGHT NOT UNDERSTAND!

YOUR INVENTION PAGE!

MORE DESIGNS AND IDEAS FROM CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT READERS!

HAVE YOU AN IDEA FOR AN INVENTION? SEND IT IN—ON A POSTCARD OR IN A LETTER—WATCH FOR IT TO APPEAR HERE!

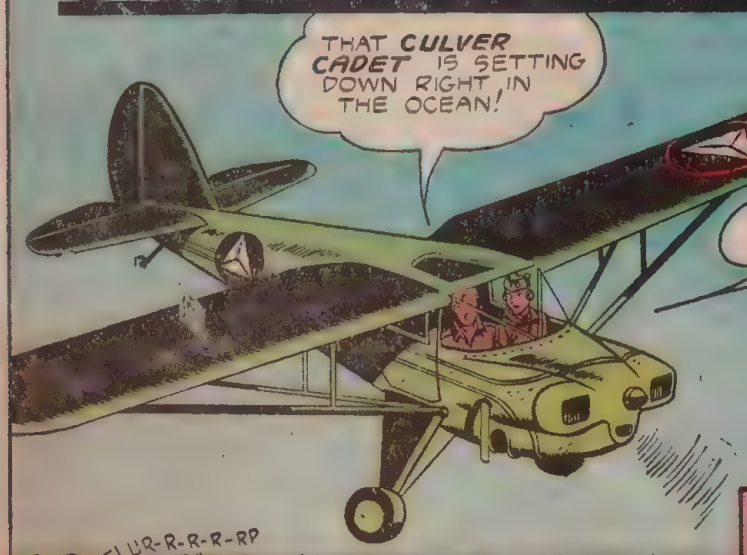
WE WISH WE HAD SPACE TO PRINT ALL WE HAVE RECEIVED! IF YOU HAVEN'T SUBMITTED AN INVENTION YET, SEND IN AN IDEA TODAY! IF YOU'VE SUBMITTED ONE ALREADY, TRY AGAIN! *AND NOTE THE SPECIAL OFFER AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE!*

TO EVERYONE SENDING IN AN IDEA, CAPT. MIDNIGHT WILL SEND *FREE* ONE OF HIS OWN *PATENT* CARDS, REGISTERING YOUR INVENTION FOR YOU!

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
49 WEST PUTNAM AVENUE
GREENWICH, CONN.

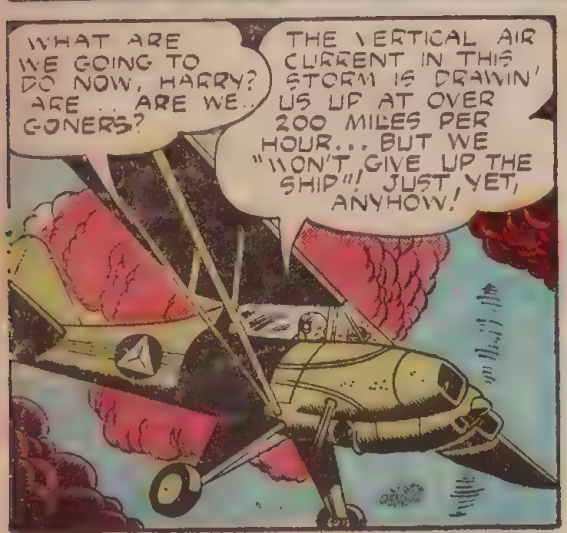
THEN WATCH THESE PAGES FOR YOUR NAME!

JOHNNY BLAIR IN THE AIR

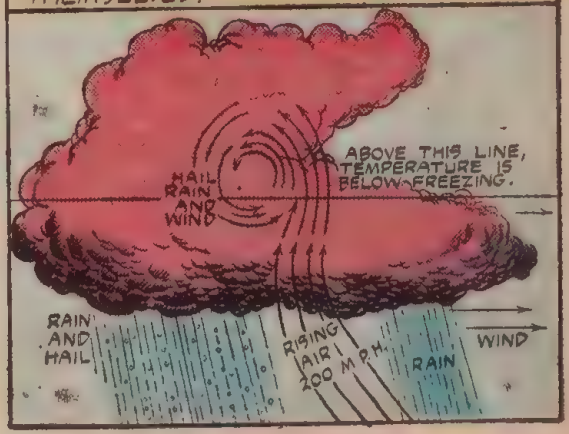


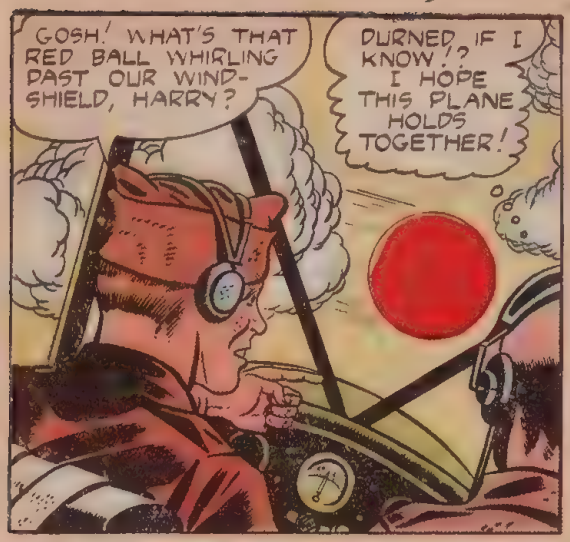
LAST MONTH WE LEFT JOHNNY AND HANGAR HARRY ON A **CAP** MISSION OVER THE SEA IN THEIR LUSCOMBE! THEY HAD BEEN DRAWN UP INTO THE MIDDLE OF A **THERMAL THUNDERSTORM!**

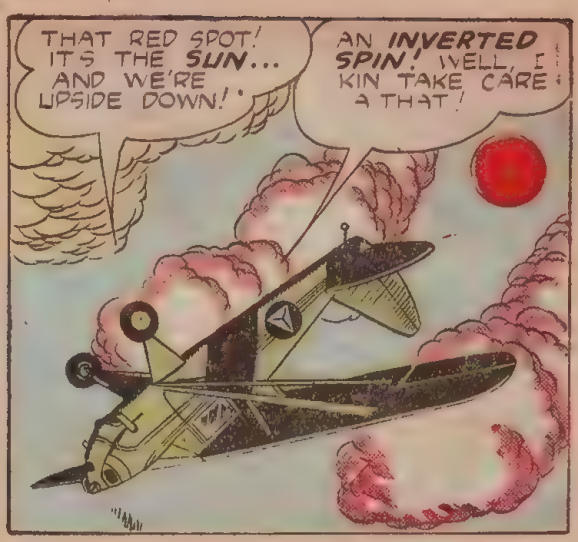
JOHNNY BLAIR IS A REAL AMERICAN BOY WHO HAS JUST PASSED HIS SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY AND IS WAITING UNTIL HE'S EIGHTEEN SO HE CAN TAKE AN ACTIVE PART IN UNCLE SAM'S **ARMY AIR CORPS!** MEANWHILE HE'S IN THE **CIVIL AIR PATROL** AND IS TAKING FLIGHT LESSONS SO HE'LL BE PREPARED WHEN HIS COUNTRY CALLS HIM! EVERYTHING JOHNNY DOES, **YOU** CAN DO TOO, BECAUSE ALL THE FLYING DETAILS IN HIS ADVENTURES ARE **AUTHENTIC** AND HAVE BEEN REVIEWED BY A **CERTIFIED AVIATION INSTRUCTOR!**

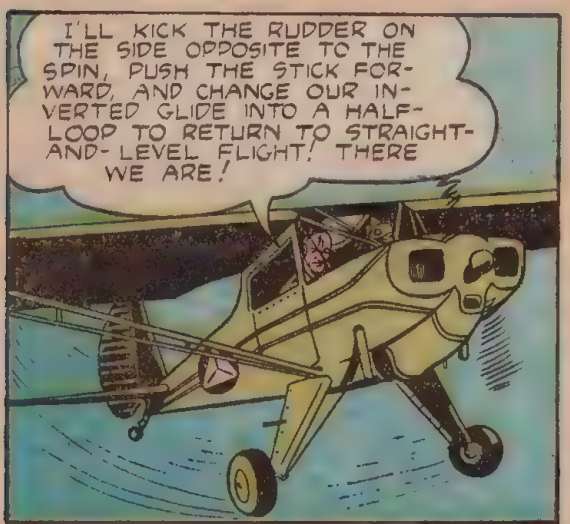


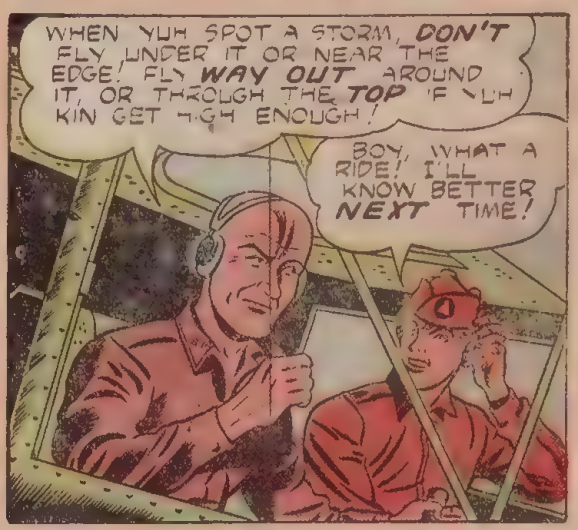
HERE IS A CROSS-SECTION OF THE **THERMAL THUNDERSTORM** IN WHICH JOHNNY AND HARRY FIND THEMSELVES!



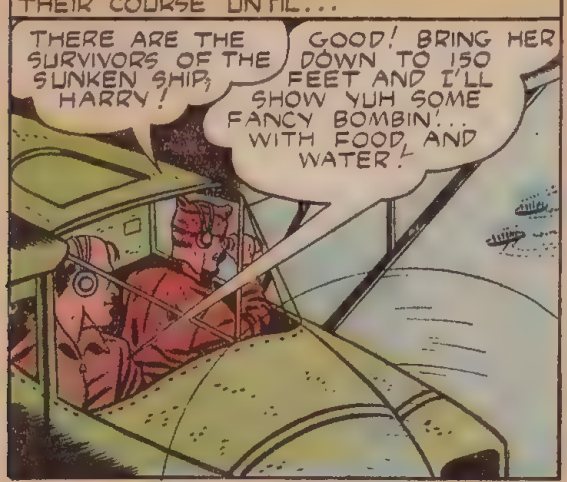


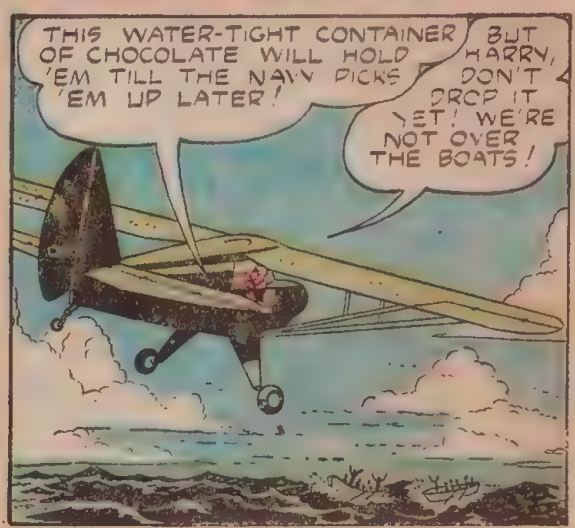


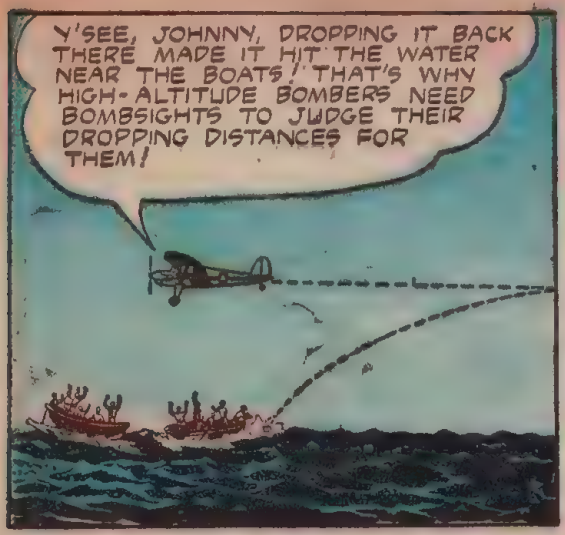


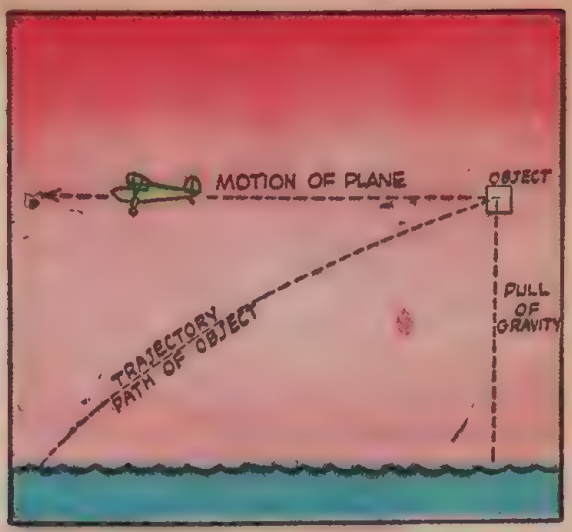


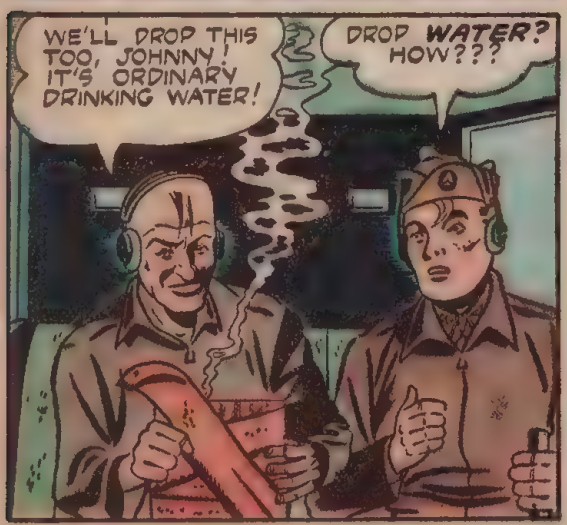
LUCKILY THEIR LUSCOMBE IS UNDAMAGED AND THEY CONTINUE ON THEIR COURSE UNTIL...

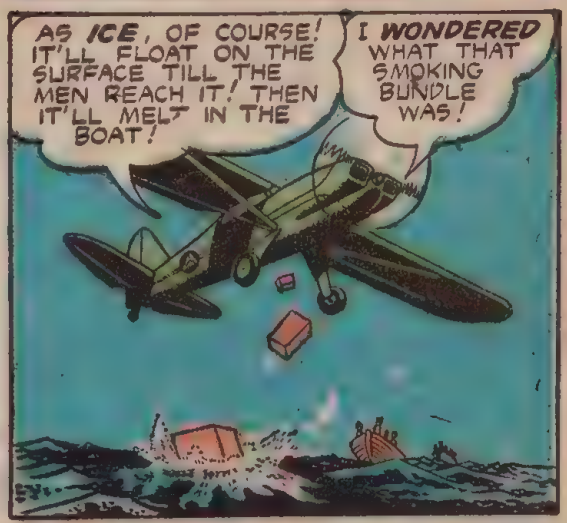


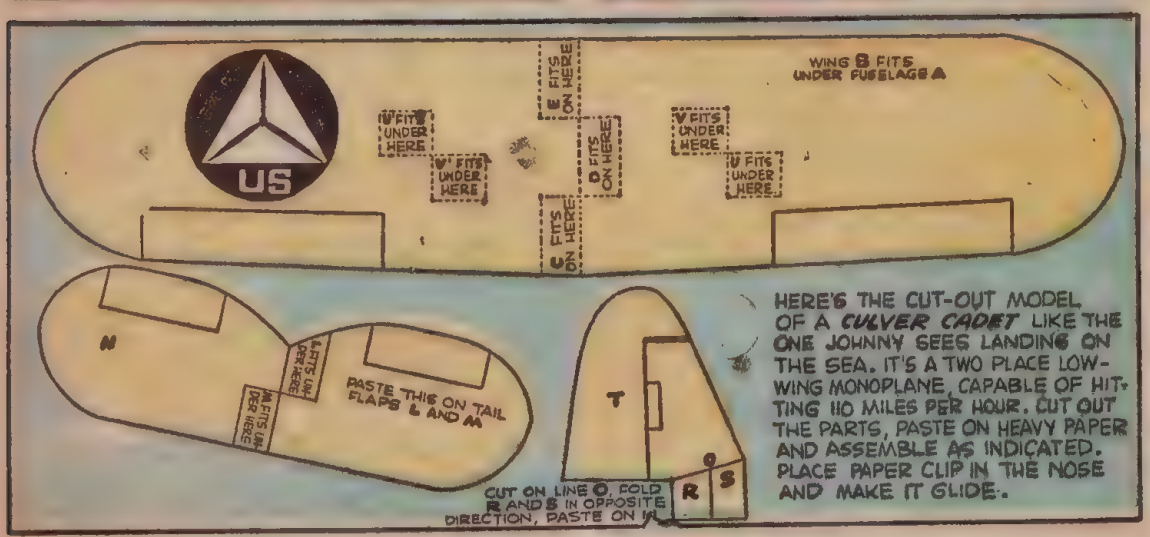



Y'SEE, JOHNNY, DROPPING IT BACK THERE MADE IT HIT THE WATER NEAR THE BOATS! THAT'S WHY HIGH-ALTITUDE BOMBERS NEED BOMBSIGHTS TO JUDGE THEIR DROPPING DISTANCES FOR THEM!


MOTION OF PLANE
OBJECT
PULL OF GRAVITY
TRAJECTORY PATH OF OBJECT


WE'LL DROP THIS TOO, JOHNNY! IT'S ORDINARY DRINKING WATER!
DROP WATER? HOW???


AS ICE, OF COURSE! IT'LL FLOAT ON THE SURFACE TILL THE MEN REACH IT! THEN IT'LL MELT IN THE BOAT!
I WONDERED WHAT THAT SMOKING BUNDLE WAS!


US
E FITS ON HERE
D FITS ON HERE
C FITS ON HERE
WING B FITS UNDER FUSELAGE A
U FITS UNDER HERE
V FITS UNDER HERE
V FITS UNDER HERE
U FITS UNDER HERE
PASTE THIS ON TAIL FLAPS L AND M
L FITS UNDER HERE
M FITS UNDER HERE
T
R
S
CUT ON LINE O. FOLD R AND S IN OPPOSITE DIRECTION, PASTE ON M
HERE'S THE CUT-OUT MODEL OF A CULVER CADET LIKE THE ONE JOHNNY SEES LANDING ON THE SEA. IT'S A TWO PLACE LOW-WING MONOPLANE, CAPABLE OF HITTING 110 MILES PER HOUR. CUT OUT THE PARTS, PASTE ON HEAVY PAPER AND ASSEMBLE AS INDICATED. PLACE PAPER CLIP IN THE NOSE AND MAKE IT GLIDE.

HAVING COMPLETED THEIR MISSION, JOHNNY AND HARRY HEAD FOR HOME --

WHO CAN THAT BE WAY OUT HERE?

LISTEN TO HIS MOTOR! WHOEVER IT IS, HIS SHIP'S IN TROUBLE!

FLUR-R-R-RR-R-R...

THERE HE GOES! GET OUT THE GLASSES, JOHNNY, AND SEE WHO IT IS!

RIGHT!

WHO IS IT?

GOSH! IT CAN'T BE! HARRY, YOU LOOK! MAYBE I'M SEEING THINGS!

WHOM DOES JOHNNY SEE FLOATING ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER NEAR THE PARTLY SUBMERGED PLANE? WHY DOESN'T HE TRUST HIS OWN EYES? DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S EPISODE OF *JOHNNY BLAIR IN THE AIR!*

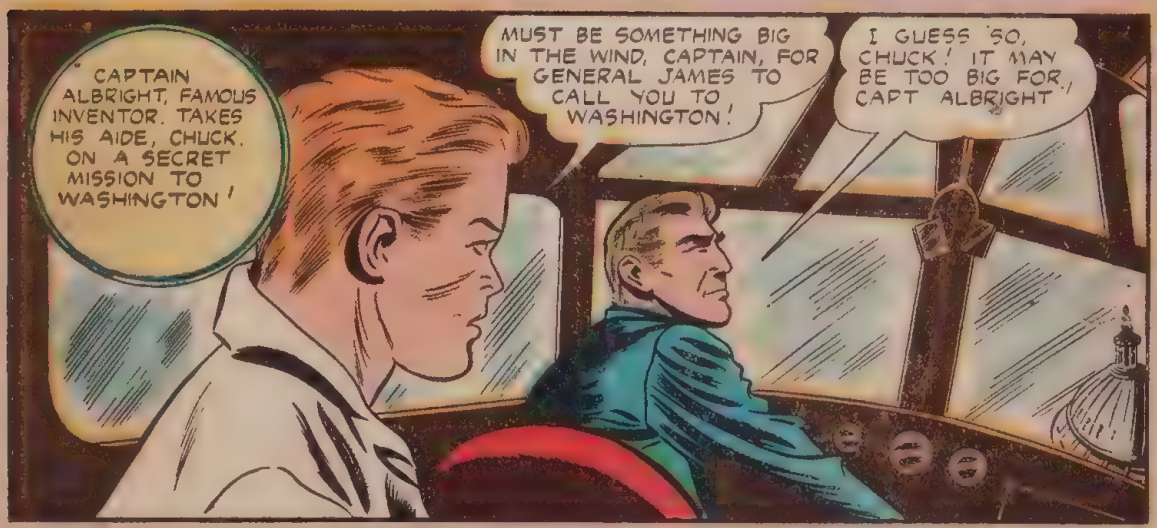
NEXT MONTH JOHNNY WILL HAVE A MODEL OF THE CONSOLIDATED *PBY-5 CATALINA*, ONE OF OUR NAVY'S BEST PATROL-BOMBERS, WATCH FOR IT!

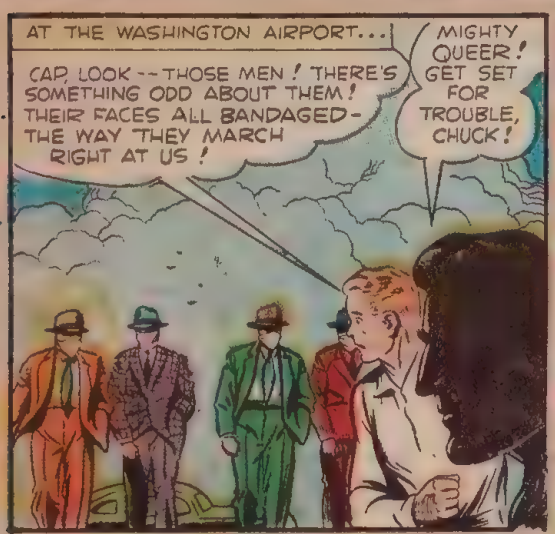
CUT LINE T, FOLD V AND U IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS, PASTE UNDER WING B, REPEAT WITH WHEEL W

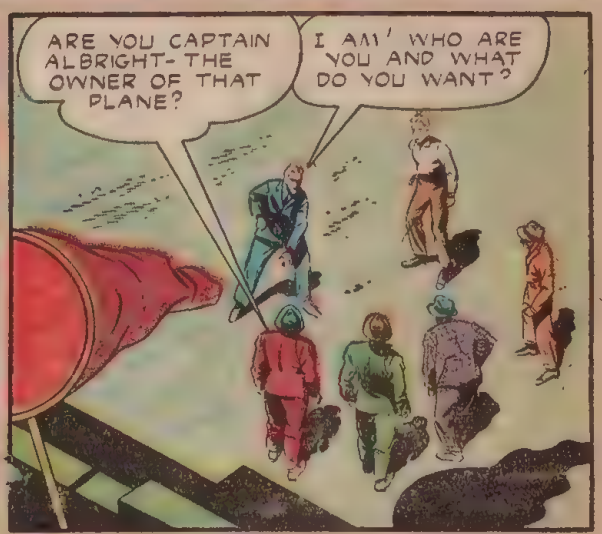
CUT LINE K FOLD L AND M IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS

CUT LINES H AND J, FOLD FLAPS C, D, E IN ALTERNATE DIRECTIONS

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT AND THE LEGION of the LOST



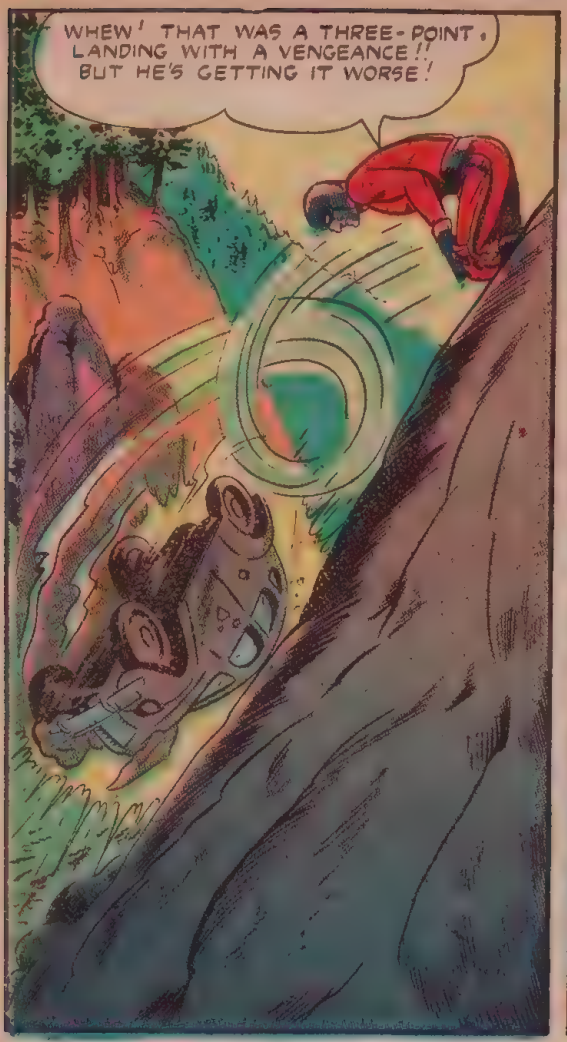




JUST A FELLOW WHO NEEDS THAT PLANE, BROTHER! SORRY...
WHAT TH.. UGH!!
YOU DIRTY... GOG!!
HEY! THOSE GUYS ARE STEALING THAT PLANE! STOP 'EM! STOP!! THIEF!! HELP! POLICE!
SNAP IT UP, YOU GUYS! WE GOTTA TAKE OFF BEFORE THAT LOUD-MOUTH BRINGS IN THE LAW!
LUCKY THE PLANE'S STILL HOT! IT'LL START EASY!
ARE YOU BADLY HURT?
UGH- MY HEAD! NO, I'M OKAY!
OOOOOF! CAPTAIN- THEY'RE STEALING YOUR PLANE!
CAPTAIN! THAT SEDAN DRIVING AWAY! I'M POSITIVE THE FOUR MEN GOT OUT OF IT BEFORE THEY ATTACKED US!
WELL, THE PLANE'S GONE, SO LET'S GET AFTER THAT SEDAN!

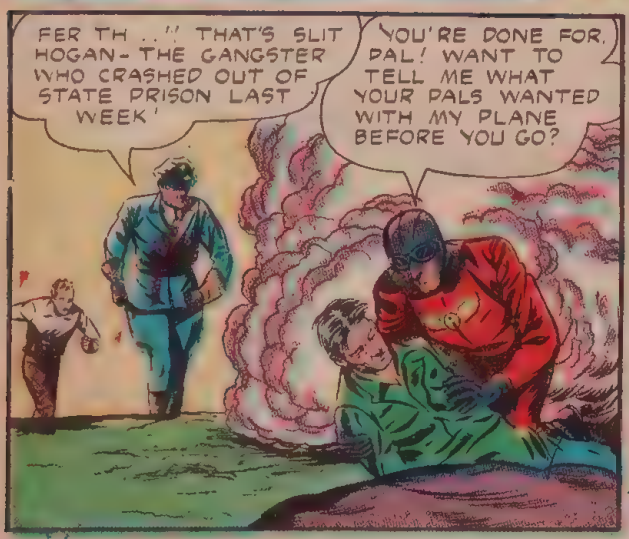
THERE'S A ROADSTER WITH THE MOTOR RUNNING!
WE'LL BORROW IT! TAKE THE WHEEL!
a QUICK CHANGE FROM MILD CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT TO THAT FIGHTING FURY- CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
OVERHAUL HIM, CHUCK! I'LL CHANGE TO CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
GOOD! NOW WE'LL SEE SOME ACTION!
HANG ON! HE JUST DISCOVERED WE WERE TRAILING HIM! IT'LL BE A RACE, NOW!!
JUST GET ME CLOSE ENOUGH TO JUMP ON HIS CAR!
WE'RE CLOSING IN! FUNNY HE DOESN'T TOSS BACK A FEW SHOTS!
HE'S PROBABLY TOO BUSY DRIVING TO SHOOT!! EDGE IN, CHUCK!
HOLY SMOKE! WOULD YEZ LOOK AT THEM TWO NUTS RACING!
GET GOING, MURPHY! WE HAVEN'T PINCHED A SPEEDER SINCE GAS RATIONING BEGAN!

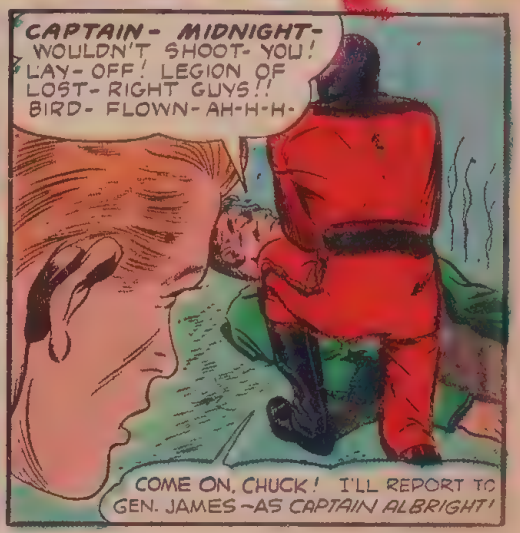
THEY DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THE SIREN! I'LL GIVE 'EM A SHOT
HOLD YOUR FIRE MURPHY! THAT'S CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
ALL RIGHT, BUFFALO BILL - PULL IN YOUR PONY OR I'LL BOP YOU!
HOP OFF THE WAY YOU COME, PAL, OR I'LL LET YUH HAVE IT!
OK - YOU ASKED FOR IT.
DON'T... AGH-H-H-H--
BUT THE SPEEDING CAR GOES OUT OF CONTROL!
CAPTAIN...! HE'LL BE KILLED!
THEY'RE GOING OVER

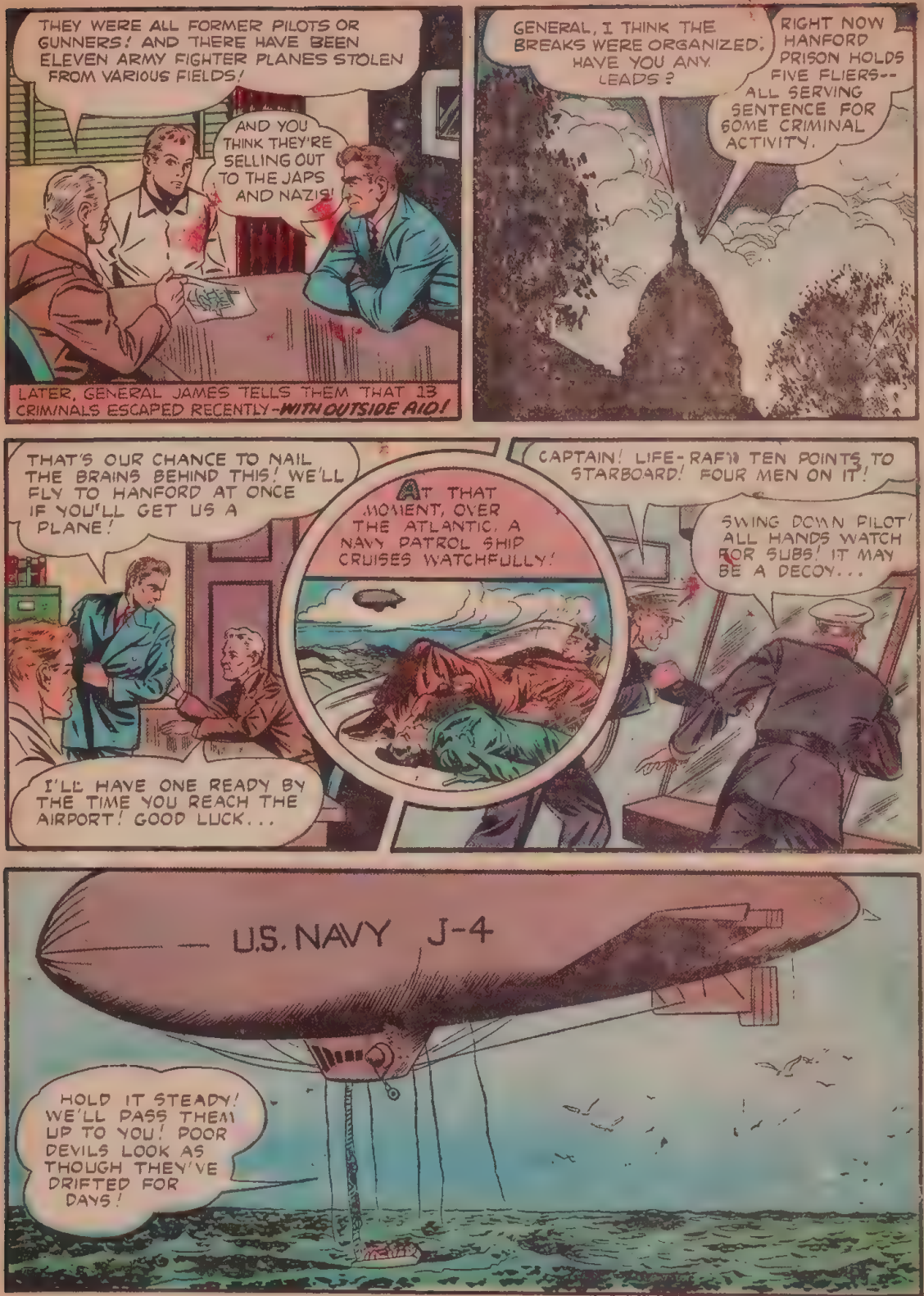

WHEW! THAT WAS A THREE-POINT LANDING WITH A VENGEANCE!! BUT HE'S GETTING IT WORSE!

CAPTAIN! YOU CAN'T GET NEAR IT!
GOT TO DRAG THAT MAN OUT!

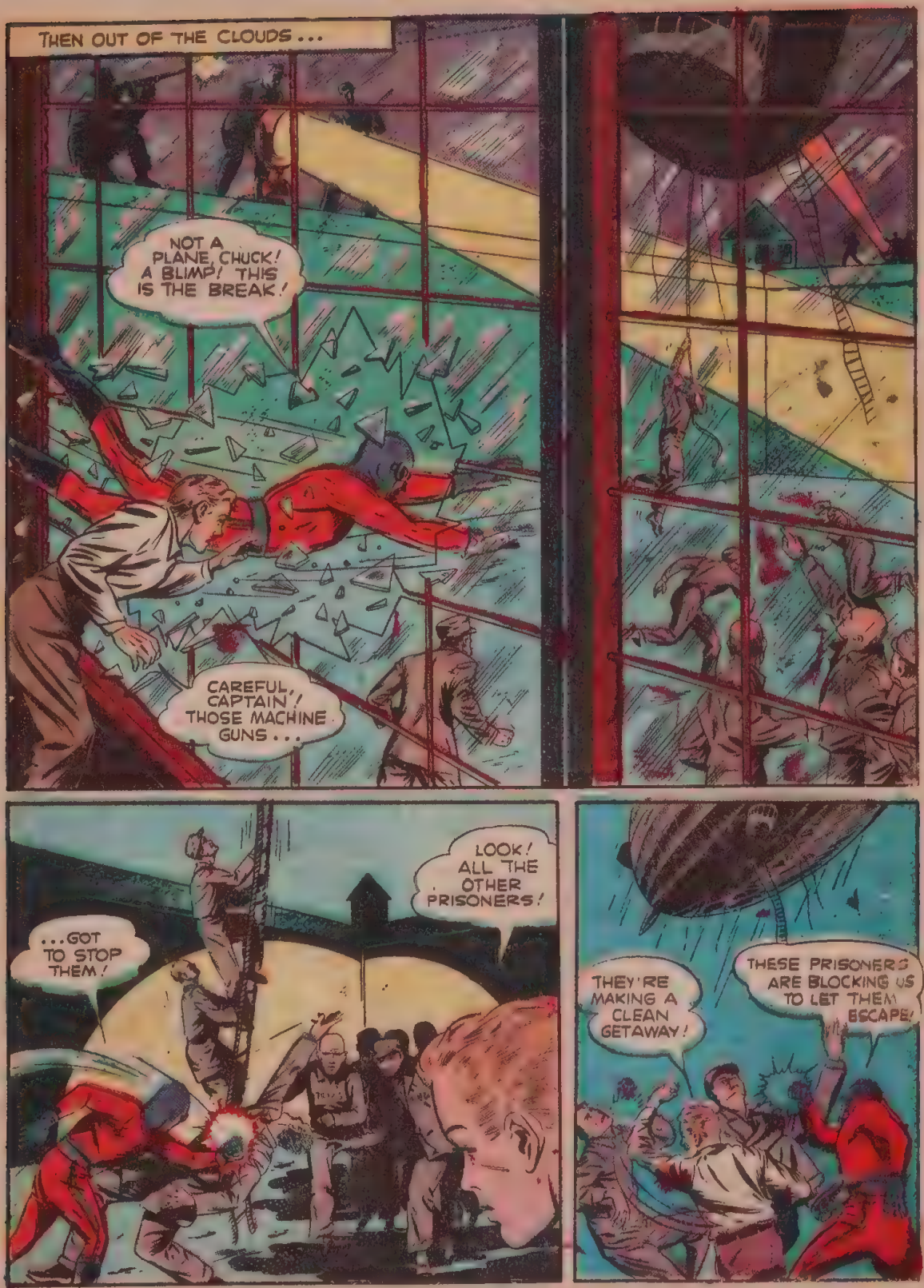
I'LL GET YOU OUT, FELLOW! TAKE IT EASY!
OOOOO! I'M DONE FOR-CHEST CRUSHED...


FER TH..!! THAT'S SLIT HOGAN-THE GANGSTER WHO CRASHED OUT OF STATE PRISON LAST WEEK!
YOU'RE DONE FOR, PAL! WANT TO TELL ME WHAT YOUR PALS WANTED WITH MY PLANE BEFORE YOU GO?


CAPTAIN-MIDNIGHT-WOULDN'T SHOOT-YOU! LAY-OFF! LEGION OF LOST-RIGHT GUYS!! BIRD-FLOWN-AH-H-H-
COME ON, CHUCK! I'LL REPORT TO GEN. JAMES-AS CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT!

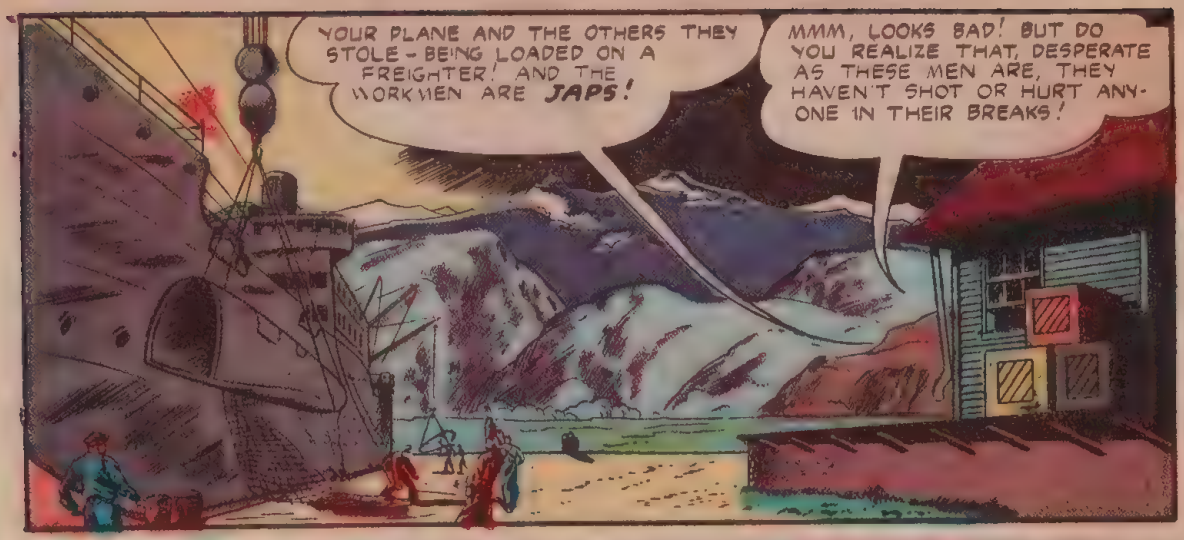

THEY WERE ALL FORMER PILOTS OR GUNNERS! AND THERE HAVE BEEN ELEVEN ARMY FIGHTER PLANES STOLEN FROM VARIOUS FIELDS!
AND YOU THINK THEY'RE SELLING OUT TO THE JAPS AND NAZIS!
LATER, GENERAL JAMES TELLS THEM THAT 13 CRIMINALS ESCAPED RECENTLY-WITHOUTSIDE AID!
GENERAL, I THINK THE BREAKS WERE ORGANIZED. HAVE YOU ANY LEADS?
RIGHT NOW HANFORD PRISON HOLDS FIVE FLIERS--ALL SERVING SENTENCE FOR SOME CRIMINAL ACTIVITY.
THAT'S OUR CHANCE TO NAIL THE BRAINS BEHIND THIS! WE'LL FLY TO HANFORD AT ONCE IF YOU'LL GET US A PLANE!
I'LL HAVE ONE READY BY THE TIME YOU REACH THE AIRPORT! GOOD LUCK...
AT THAT MOMENT, OVER THE ATLANTIC, A NAVY PATROL SHIP CRUISES WATCHFULLY!
CAPTAIN! LIFE-RAFT! TEN POINTS TO STARBOARD! FOUR MEN ON IT!
SWING DOWN PILOT! ALL HANDS WATCH FOR SUBS! IT MAY BE A DECOY...
U.S. NAVY J-4
HOLD IT STEADY! WE'LL PASS THEM UP TO YOU! POOR DEVILS LOOK AS THOUGH THEY'VE DRIFTED FOR DAYS!

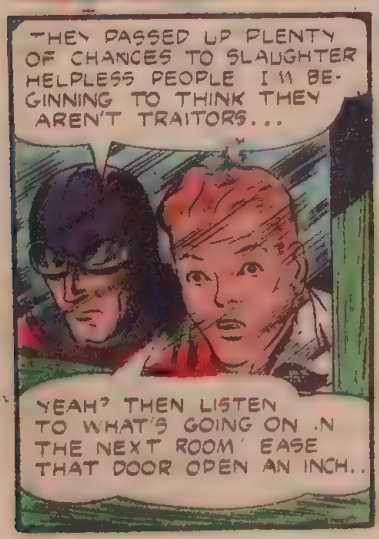
THANKS, BOYS! NOW REACH FOR THE SKY- AND KEEP REACHING!
WHY, YOU DIRTY...! SO IT WAS A TRAP?
OKAY, CHUMS! DOWN ON THE RAFT YOU GO! WE'RE TAKING OVER HERE!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, YOU DIRTY NAZIS!
YOU RATS! WHEN THIS GETS OUT, OUR BOYS WILL BLOW YOU OUT OF THE SKY!
RELAX, SAILORS! WE'LL RADIO THE COAST GUARD TO SEND A CUTTER OUT FOR YOU! TAKE IT EASY!
DIDN'T YOU RECOGNIZE THEIR LEADER, CAPTAIN? IT WAS MAXON, AN EX-BLIMP PILOT WHO WENT TO PRISON! HE MUST HAVE BROKEN OUT!
THE NERVY FOOLS! THEY'LL CRACK UP! NO REGULAR PILOT CAN MANEUVER A BLIMP!
MEANWHILE, AT HANFORD PRISON...
THE MEN SEEM QUIET, WARDEN, AND YOU HAVE PLENTY OF GUARDS! A BREAK HERE LOOKS IMPOSSIBLE!
A PLANE...
I KNOW, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT - BUT SOMETHING'S IN THE WIND! I CAN SENSE IT! IF. . LISTEN...

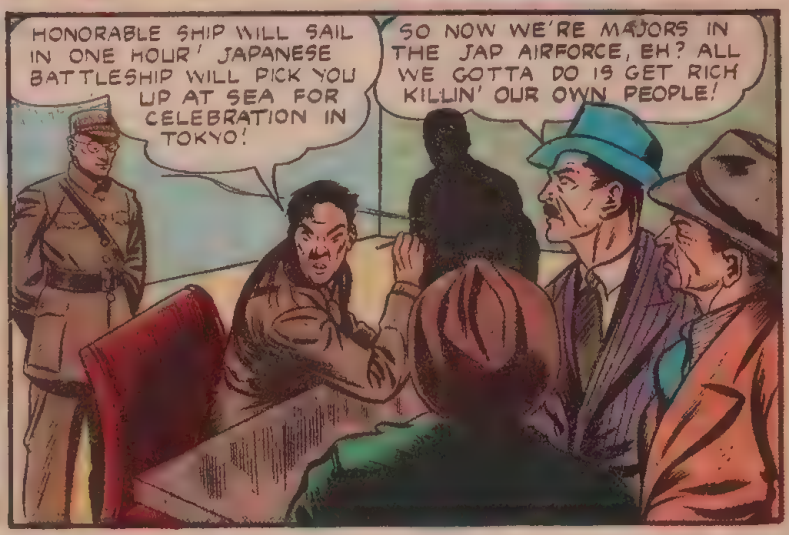

THEN OUT OF THE CLOUDS . . .
NOT A PLANE, CHUCK! A BLIMP! THIS IS THE BREAK!
CAREFUL, CAPTAIN! THOSE MACHINE GUNS . . .
. . . GOT TO STOP THEM!
LOOK! ALL THE OTHER PRISONERS!
THEY'RE MAKING A CLEAN GETAWAY!
THESE PRISONERS ARE BLOCKING US TO LET THEM ESCAPE!

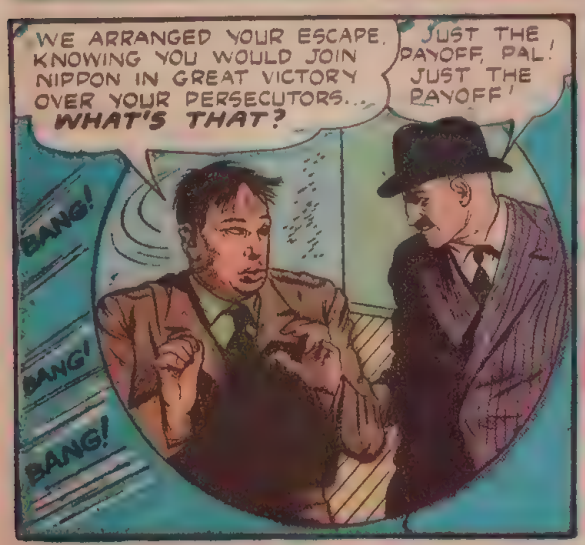
SORRY BOYS, BUT WE WANT TO GO THROUGH!
AND WE'RE GOING THROUGH- RIGHT THROUGH YOU!
STOP 'EM! HOLD 'EM BACK!
IT'S A DARNED GOOD SHIP- AND FAST ENOUGH, CHUCK! BLIMPS CAN'T DO OVER EIGHTY-FIVE!
GOSH, COMPARED TO YOUR PLANE, THIS VULTEE VALIANT WILL SEEM SLOW AS A HORSE AND WAGON!
THE BLIMP HEADED SOUTH! GET ON HIS TAIL!
MAYBE HE'LL LEAD US TO HIS BASE! WE'VE GOT TO GET YOUR PLANE BACK BEFORE IT FALLS INTO ENEMY HANDS!
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF ALL THIS, CAPTAIN? WITH THOSE DESPERATE CRIMINALS ON THE LOOSE...
THERE'S SOMETHING BIGGER THAN WE EVEN IMAGINE UNDER THE SURFACE, CHUCK! SOMETHING UTTERLY FANTASTIC AND INCREDIBLE...
THERE IT IS, CAPTAIN! DEAD AHEAD!
U.S.NAVY J-4
SWING LOW OVER IT, CHUCK! I'M GOING TO JUMP!

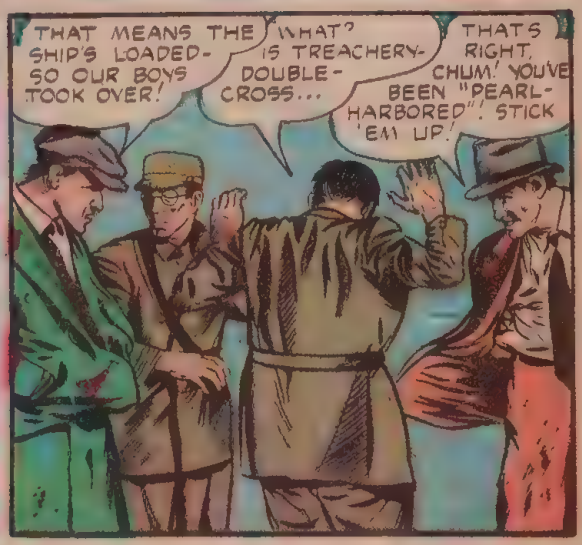
JUMP HIM!
YOU COULD SAVE SOME HEADACHES BY TALKING THIS OVER QUIETLY..
LAY HIM OUT.
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT GLIDERCHUTES TO THE BLIMP...
I'M STILL NOT SURE.. OOOOFF!..
GOT HIM!
MEANWHILE.....
HE GOT IN! NOW I'VE GOT TO STICK CLOSE AND... WOW! THEY'RE VANISHING INTO THOSE CLOUDS! I'LL NEVER FIND THEM THERE...
HOURS LATER...
OOOOFF! MY HEAD! NOW WHERE AM I .HUH?
PSSSST! CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT.
CHUCK HOW D YOU GET HERE-- AND WHERE IS HERE?
HERE IS A COVE ON THE CAL-IFORNIA COAST! I FOLLOWED BY CIRCLING CLOUD-BANKS AND WAIT-ING FOR THE BLIMP TO POP OUT...
.T S A SECRET BASE THE BLIMP IS MOORED TO A POLE-- BUT THAT ISN'T THE WORST BY A LONG SHOT
U.S. NA
GO AHEAD. WHAT ELSE?


YOUR PLANE AND THE OTHERS THEY STOLE - BEING LOADED ON A FREIGHTER! AND THE WORKMEN ARE JAPS!
MMM, LOOKS BAD! BUT DO YOU REALIZE THAT, DESPERATE AS THESE MEN ARE, THEY HAVEN'T SHOT OR HURT ANYONE IN THEIR BREAKS!


THEY PASSED UP PLENTY OF CHANCES TO SLAUGHTER HELPLESS PEOPLE I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THEY AREN'T TRAITORS...
YEAH? THEN LISTEN TO WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE NEXT ROOM! EASE THAT DOOR OPEN AN INCH..

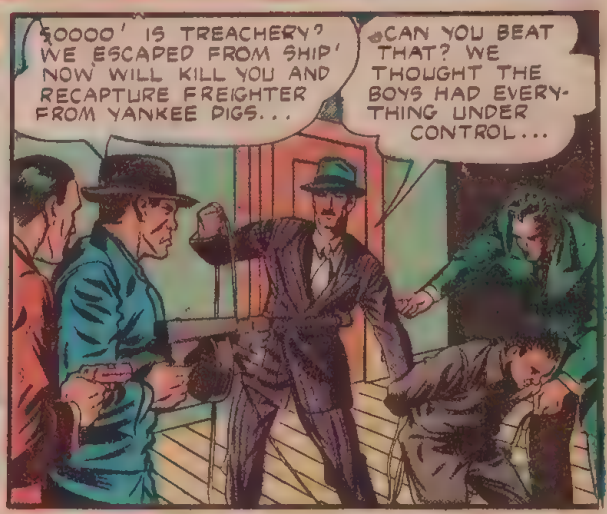

HONORABLE SHIP WILL SAIL IN ONE HOUR! JAPANESE BATTLESHIP WILL PICK YOU UP AT SEA FOR CELEBRATION IN TOKYO!
SO NOW WE'RE MAJORS IN THE JAP AIRFORCE, EH? ALL WE GOTTA DO IS GET RICH KILLIN' OUR OWN PEOPLE!

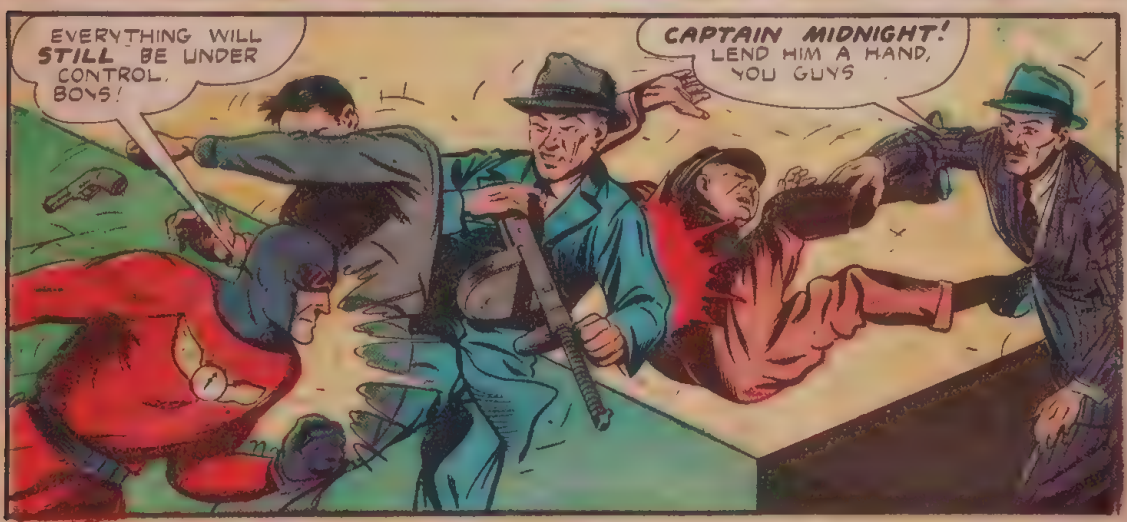

WE ARRANGED YOUR ESCAPE, KNOWING YOU WOULD JOIN NIPPON IN GREAT VICTORY OVER YOUR PERSECUTORS... WHAT'S THAT?
JUST THE PAYOFF, PAL! JUST THE PAYOFF!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!


THAT MEANS THE SHIP'S LOADED - SO OUR BOYS TOOK OVER!
WHAT? IS TREACHERY - DOUBLE - CROSS...
THAT'S RIGHT, CHUM! YOU'VE BEEN "PEARL-HARBORED"! STICK 'EM UP!

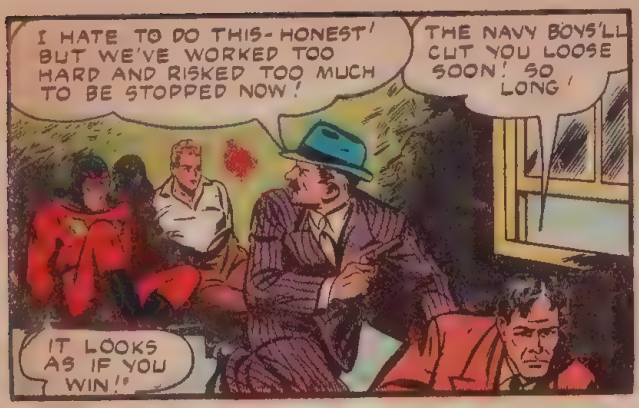
WE'RE CROOKS - NO GOOD TO SOCIETY! SO YOU FIGURED WE'D TURN RATS AGAINST OUR OWN PEOPLE! WE USED YOU TO ESCAPE...
BUT WE'RE NOT GOING TO JAPAN, PAL! NOT ON YOUR DIRTY SHIPS...
FOOLS! DOGS! WITHOUT NIPPON'S AID YOU WILL BE RECAPTURED, SENT BACK TO PRISON!

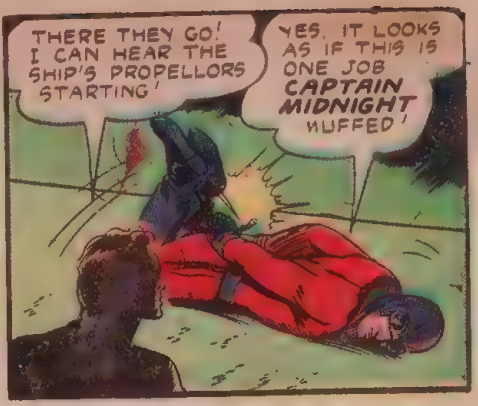
WE'RE GOING TO CHINA, PAL! WE'LL BE THE LEGION OF THE LOST - FLYING AND FIGHTING, FOR A BRAVE PEOPLE! WE'RE NO GOOD HERE...
SURE! WHAT CAN WE LOSE? WHEN WE SEE TOKYO, CHUM, IT'LL BE THROUGH A BOMB-SIGHT... THANKS TO YOUR KIND AID AND NICE SHIP!

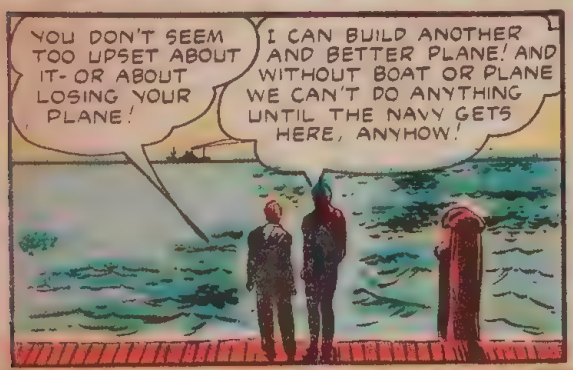

SOOOO! IS TREACHERY? WE ESCAPED FROM SHIP! NOW WILL KILL YOU AND RECAPTURE FREIGHTER FROM YANKEE PIGS...
CAN YOU BEAT THAT? WE THOUGHT THE BOYS HAD EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL...

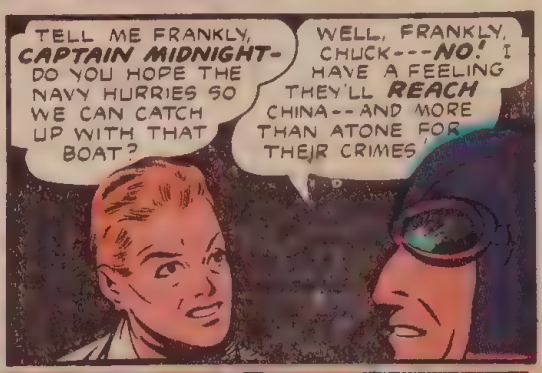

EVERYTHING WILL STILL BE UNDER CONTROL, BOYS!
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! LEND HIM A HAND, YOU GUYS

HERE! YOU BOYS WORK ON THIS ONE.
AIEEEE!
NICE TEAMWORK, CHUCK!
AW, THIS IS JUST SOMETHING I DO FOR FUN!
CRACK
WELLLL, I GUESS WE WEREN'T QUITE SMART ENOUGH FOR YOU, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! MIGHT HAVE KNOWN WE COULDN'T GET AWAY WITH IT...
WE'VE ALREADY RADIOED THE NAVY BASE THAT THEY'D FIND THEIR STOLEN BLIMP WAITING DOWN HERE, UNHARMED! THEY'LL BE ALONG SOON.
I'M SORRY! I ADMIRE YOUR PURPOSE, BUT THE THEFT OF GOVERNMENT PROPERTY CAN'T BE IGNORED! CHUCK, TAKE THEIR GUNS...
AWRIGHT, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! BUT DAWGONNIT, I HATE TO...
THEN DON'T, SON! WE'LL MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU.
QUICK! GRAB THOSE ROPES!









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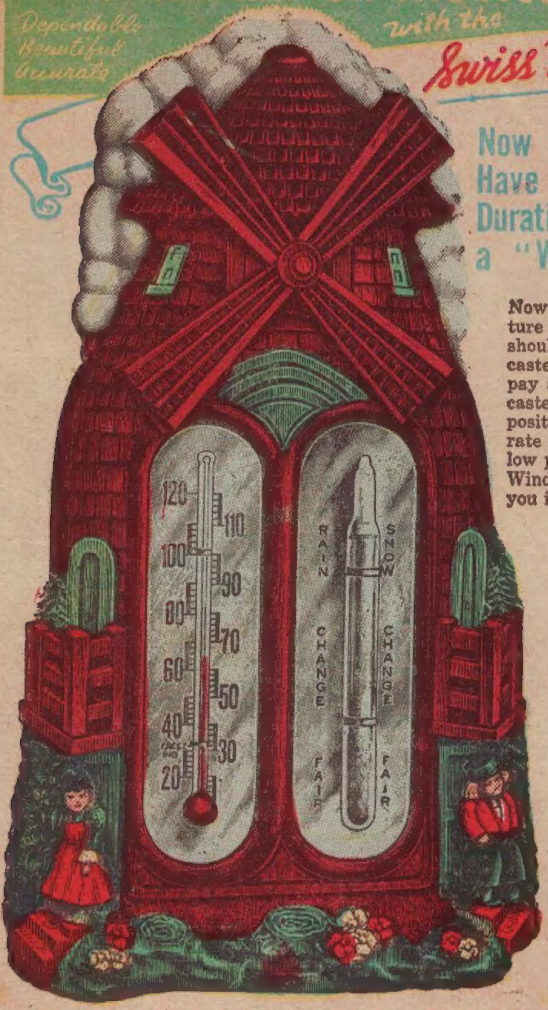
Dependable Beautiful Accurate

with the

Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster



Now That Weather Reports Have Been Banned For the Duration--Every Family Needs a "WINDMILL" Forecaster

Only 98¢

Now that you no longer can get weather forecasts or temperature reports on the radio or through your local paper, your home should have the accurate, reliable Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster. Probabilities are, you have felt that you would have to pay a lot of money for a truly beautiful and dependable forecaster. If so, your worries are over! Here, without doubt, is positively the most beautiful—the most original—the most accurate forecaster that has ever been offered at anywhere near this low price. Don't let yourself or your loved ones be without the Windmill Weather Forecaster. It tells you the temperature—tells you if it's going to rain or snow or shine—predicts any weather change that's on the way—up to 24 hours in advance! It makes all the difference in your plans when you know what the weather will be. Plan your work or play according to the weather—know how to dress for it—help to prevent accidents or sickness in the family—BE PREPARED FOR WEATHER CHANGES WITH YOUR "Home Weather Bureau." BE YOUR OWN WEATHER MAN!

The Windmill Forecaster Has Features Found In Forecasters Costing Up To $10.00

The thermometer is guaranteed to be extremely accurate from 120° to 20° below zero. The amazing storm glass uses the same principle found in most expensive forecasters. When the weather is going to be fair, the crystals settle in the bottom of the tube—when rain or snow is predicted, the crystals rise to the top of the tube. It's so simple, yet virtually unfailing. This lovely "Swiss Windmill" Weather Forecaster is fashioned of handsome carved style BARRWOOD—a masterpiece of craftsmanship—representing the colorful, rustic windmills of the Swiss landscape with their weather-antiqued brown shingles, brightly gleaming roof and latticed windmill blades . . . even the Swiss Alpine snow and the fir trees of the Alps are reproduced . . . with the quaint peasant clothes of the boy and girl shown in pleasing contrast to the flowers of the mountainside growing around the windmill steps. The "Swiss Windmill" adds a glowing, colorful, decorative note to any room in the house. It's hand-painted in three colors. As a weather prophet, you'll use it constantly!

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN

What fun and satisfaction it will afford you to actually KNOW, just what the weather will be like, UP TO 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE. With the Swiss Weather Forecaster, you really take the "guess work" out of the weather. Think how many times during past months you've wanted to know what the weather on the morrow would be. Now, the beautiful Swiss Weather Forecaster makes your own home a "Weather Bureau," all for only 98c. Every home needs it! Be the first in your neighborhood to own one.

Use It—Test It On Our Guarantee of Satisfaction

Each and every Swiss Weather House is guaranteed to please you and give years of satisfactory service, or your money will be cheerfully refunded. It really must be seen to be fully appreciated. We want you to examine it—test it for seven full days so that you can see for yourself that it actually works—all on our iron-clad Money Back Guarantee of satisfaction. SEND NO MONEY! Just mail the coupon today. Pay the Postman only 98c plus postage and a small COD fee upon arrival. If it isn't all we claim, return it at the end of seven days and we'll refund your money in full.

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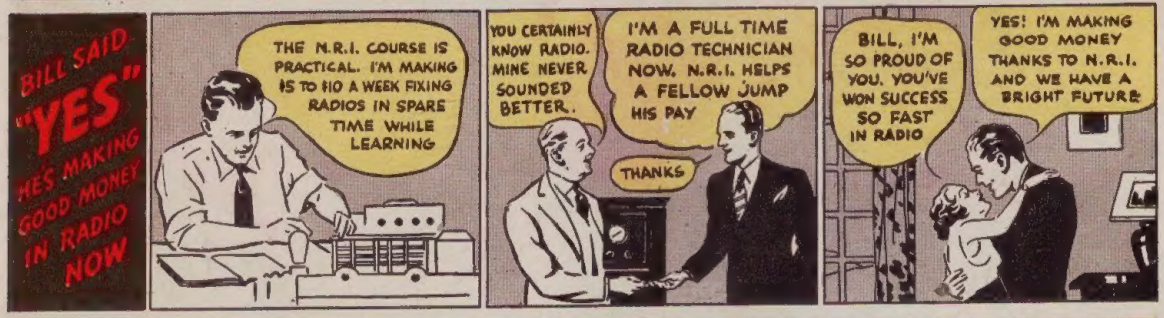
Enclosed find 98c. Please ship the Weather Forecaster, all postage charges prepaid.

IMPORTANT: If you want two or more Swiss Weather Forecasters, see the special wholesale dealer's price list at the left of this coupon.



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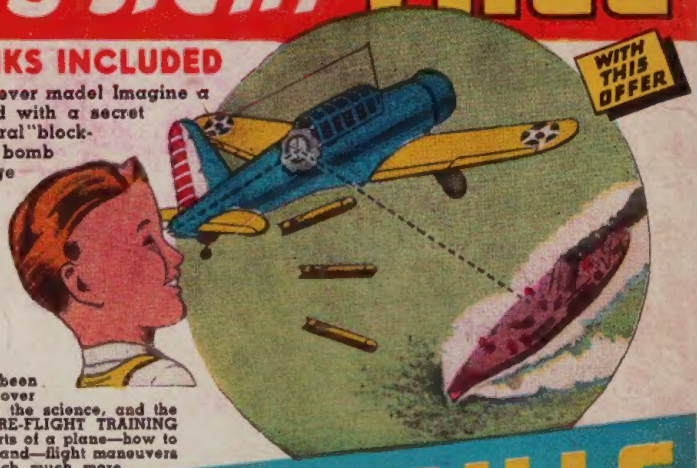

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